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THE BOOK OF
NURSERY TALES
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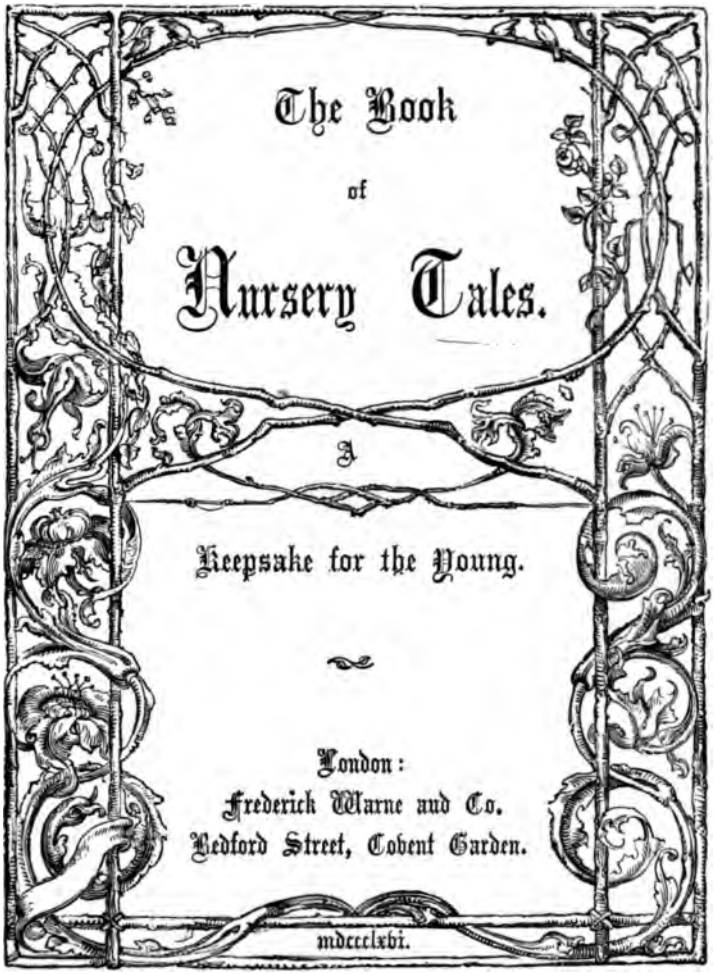
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THE BOOK OF
NURSERY TALES.



NURSERY TALES.

Front.

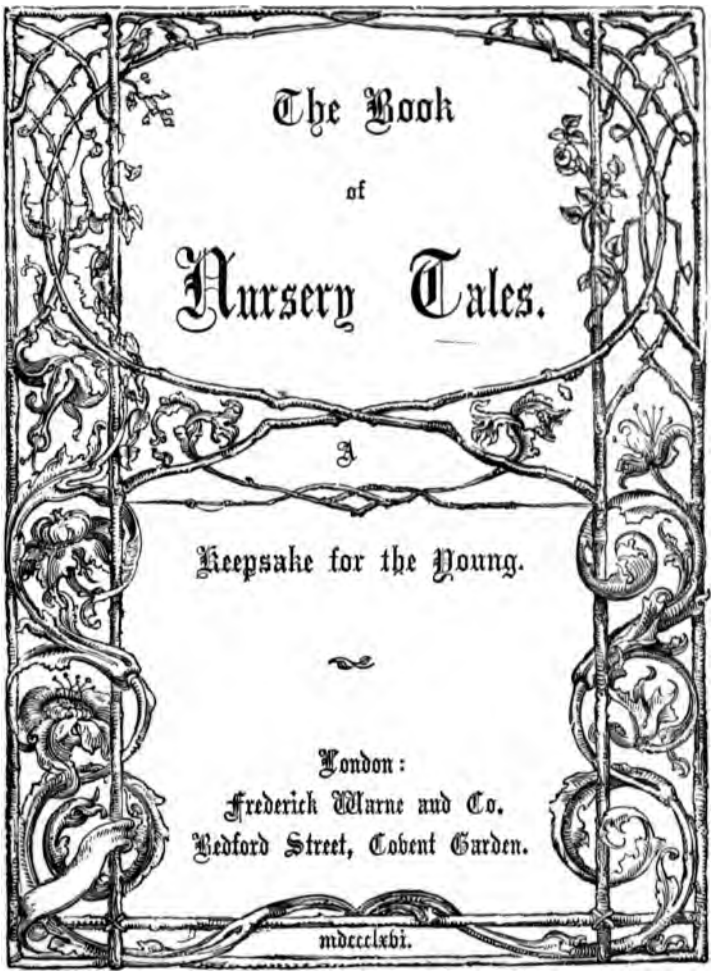

The Book
of
Nursery Tales.
A
Keepsake for the Young.
London:
Frederick Warne and Co.
Bedford Street, Covent Garden.
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250. h. 175.



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Front.

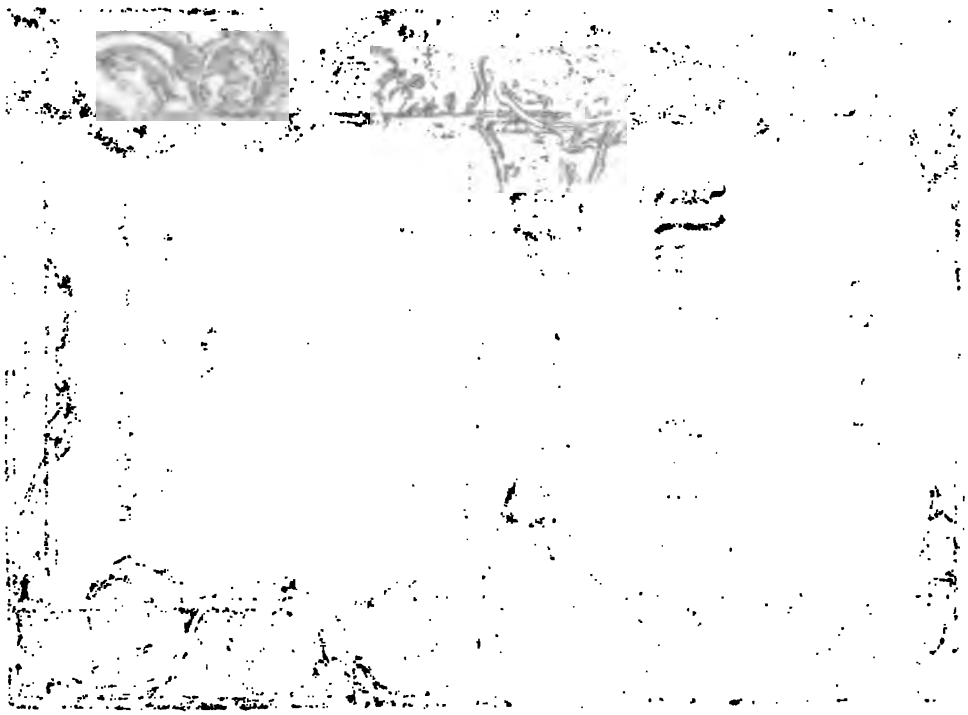

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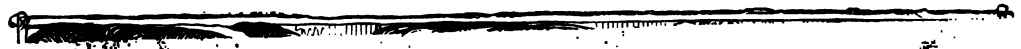
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NURSERY TALES.

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THE present collection, it will be seen, consists of a series of old favourites, in a somewhat new and, it is hoped, agreeable dress. It has been attempted to impart as much of ornament and illustration as possible without making the work a very expensive one; and it may thus help to supply what has hitherto been a desideratum, a tolerably complete and uniform series of the more popular and pleasing of our ancient nursery fictions, and in a form not altogether unworthy of their long-established reputation.

With respect to the stories themselves, this collection may be said to be unique, as no particular traditional version of any of them has been adhered to. It is well known that the same legends exist in the popular literature of different countries; which, agreeing in the main points of the story, yet vary considerably in the more minute details; and the plan of the present editor, therefore, has been to collate these various editions, and from them to form *one* which should embrace

what is most pleasing in all. Whether his attempt has been judiciously carried out, the candid reader must decide: but he may add, that he has had the testimony of some literary friends (well qualified to judge in such matters) in favour of its success; and he therefore commits the volume with the less hesitation to the world.

As instances of what is above alluded to may be mentioned "Little Red Cap," which is mainly the German version of "Little Red Riding-hood," and which will at once be acknowledged as more ingenious as well as more poetical than our own; "Cinderella," which has also some of its incidents supplied from the German; "Beauty and the Beast," to which the same remark applies,—the beast being there defined to be a lion; the "Sleeping Beauty," and others which will occur to every reader on perusal. Thus much is said to obviate the charge of unnecessary alteration.

This preface can hardly be better concluded than by subjoining a very pretty introduction once prefixed by a German author to a Fairy "KEEPSAKE."

The Adventures of Fairy-Tale.

IN a beautiful and distant realm, in whose ever-green gardens the sun is said never to set, Queen FANCY has held sway from time immemorial until the present day. For centuries long she has been dispensing blessings to her subjects with a liberal hand, and has been loved and revered by all who have known her. But the queen has too great and good a heart to be satisfied with simply conferring benefits in this way. Once she descended to earth herself in the royal array of eternal youth and beauty, for she had heard that there were men living there who had passed their life in doleful sadness and oppressive toil. She brought them the fairest gifts her realm afforded; and ever since the beautiful queen passed over the plains of earth, men have been happy in their toil, and cheerful in their gravity. And her children too, not less beautiful and lovely than their royal mother, she sent forth to gladden mankind.

Now it came to pass one day that FAIRY-TALE, the queen's eldest daughter, returned from the earth. Her mother noticed that she looked sorrowful; yes, she now and then could not help thinking she had even been weeping.

"What is the matter with you, Fairy-tale?" said the queen; "you have been so sorrowful and downcast since your journey! —will you not tell your mother what is the matter?"

"Ah! dear mother," replied Fairy-tale, "I should certainly

not have been silent so long, only I knew that our troubles were one."

"Tell me all, child," said the beautiful queen; "grief is a heavy burden, you know, which is too much for one, but which two can easily bear between them."

"Then I will tell you, dear mother," answered Fairy-tale, "since you desire it.

"You know how I love the society of mankind,—how glad I am to sit down with even the poorest peasant at his cottage-door, to wile away an hour with him when work is over. In former times they used to greet me kindly, and shake hands with me when I came; and they followed me with smiles of delight when I went away: but now, alas, it is so no more?"

"Poor little Fairy-tale!" said the queen, stroking her cheek, which was moist with a tear; "but perhaps this is all a fancy of yours!"

"Oh, no! I feel too sure of it," replied Fairy-tale; "they do not love me any more. I am met with cold looks wherever I go; they are not glad to see me any where now; even the children, who used always to be so fond of me, laugh at me, and look wise, and turn their backs upon me."

The queen leant her forehead on her hand, and remained a while in silent thought. "And how comes it, Fairy-tale," said the queen, "that the people below are so changed?"

"Men have put cunning sentinels on the watch," answered Fairy-tale, "who are always prying into and testing everything that comes out of your kingdom. So if any one comes who is

not quite to their taste, they begin to make a great noise, and to beat him, or they tell men such stories about him (and men always believe them), that he is immediately driven away in disgrace. Ah! mother, there is not a spark more of love or hearty faith to be found. How well my little brothers, the *Dreams*, are off: they skip so lightly and merrily down to the earth, and don't care a fig for those cunning men; they go to people when they are asleep, and weave and paint them all kinds of pretty things that gladden the heart and please the eye!"

"Your brothers are light of foot," said the queen; "and, after all, my dear, you have no reason to envy them. Besides, I know those border guards very well, and men are not so wrong in setting them on the watch: for many a self-conceited creature has gone and given himself airs, just as if he had come straight from our kingdom; and yet, at most, he had only got a look at us from some distant mountain or other."

"But why make *me* suffer for this," replied Fairy-tale, crying, —"me, your eldest daughter? Ah! if you knew how they have treated me: they actually called me an old maid, and threatened not to let me in at all the next time!"

"What! not let my daughter in any more?" replied the queen, and anger brought a deeper flush on her cheek; "but I see very well how all this is,—your spiteful aunt has been telling false stories of us."

"*Fashion* do you mean? impossible!" cried Fairy-tale; "she always pretended to be so kind to us before!"

"Oh, I know the false hussy," replied the queen; "but try again, my dear child, in spite of her; one must never be tired of doing good."

"Ah, mother, but if they shut the door upon me outright, or if they tell tales of me, till men refuse to look at me, and let me stand lonely and neglected in the corner?"

"If the old ones," said the queen, "who are fooled over by Fashion, despise you, then make up to the young; they are my favourites; to them I send my prettiest pictures by your brothers, the Dreams: yes, I have often floated down to them myself, and kissed and fondled them, and played games with them; and they know me quite well too. To be sure, they don't know my name, but I have often seen them looking up and smiling at my stars at night, and clapping their hands for joy in the morning, when my snow-white lambs were moving across the sky; and when they grow older, they love me still; for then I help the pretty girls among them to weave garlands of different colours; and the noisy boys are quieter when I sit down by them on the rocky crag, calling up high castles and shining palaces from the misty veil of the far blue hills, and forming bold troops of riders and strange pilgrim-bands from the crimsoned clouds of evening."

"Oh, the dear children!" cried Fairy-tale, with emotion; 'yes, so it shall be. I will make another trial with *them*."

"Do so, darling child," said the queen—"go to them; but stay, I will dress you a little as you should be, first; so that you will please the little ones, and the old ones won't send

you away. Look now, I will give you the garb of a KEEPSAKE!"

"Of a keepsake, mother? Ah! I shall be ashamed of looking so fine."

The queen made a sign, and her servants brought her the pretty dress of a keepsake. It was of a gay and beautiful appearance, and woven with many attractive figures. Her maids braided the pretty child's long hair, tied her golden sandals on her feet, and put on the dress.

Modest little Fairy-tale did not dare to look up; but her mother looked at her with delight, and embraced her. "Go," said she to the little creature; "my blessing be with you. And if they despise you, and scoff at you, come back to me; perhaps an after race, truer to nature, will give you their hearts again."

So spake Queen Fancy; and Fairy-tale went down to the earth. With a beating heart she approached the place where the cunning sentinels were lodged: she hung her little head, drew her beautiful robe closer round her, and with a trembling step approached the gate.

"Halt!" cried a deep, rough voice; "out with the watch; here's a new keepsake coming!"

Fairy-tale trembled when she heard this; a number of angry-looking old men rushed out; they had sharp-pointed pens in their hands, and they turned them on Fairy-tale.

One of them stepped up to her, and seized her roughly by the chin. "Come, head up, Miss Keepsake!" cried he; "let

us look you in the face, and see if you are of the right sort or not."

Blushing Fairy-tale raised her little head, and opened her little black eyes.

"Fairy-tale!" cried the guards, splitting their sides with laughter; "Fairy-tale! we couldn't think what was coming. Well, how came you by this new dress?"

"Mother dressed me in it," answered Fairy-tale.

"Oh! oh! she wants to pass you off on us in this way? It won't do—it won't do. Away with you! Be off this instant!" cried all the sentinels at once, raising their sharp-pointed pens.

"I only want to go to the children," said Fairy-tale, entreatingly; "that you will let me do, surely?"

"Is there not rubbish enough of this sort running wild about the country?" cried one of the watch. "You do nothing but talk nonsense to our children."

"Let us see what she has this time," said another.

"Very well," cried they all. "Come, out with your stories; be quick, for we haven't much time to waste on such as you!"

Fairy-tale stretched out her little hand, and with her forefinger made a number of signs in the air. Then gay forms were seen to pass: fine horses and carriages—splendidly-accoutred knights, and ladies—castles—churches—palaces—kings and queens, with their equipages and their courtiers—giants and dwarfs—birds and beasts and fishes—still woods, busy squares, and well-peopled streets; all these and many more such visions floated by, in vivid portraiture and chequered throng.

In the enthusiasm with which Fairy-tale had summoned up the figures, she had not observed that the guards at the gate had gradually fallen asleep. She was just going to make new signs, when a man approached her, and took her kindly by the hand:

"Look! good Fairy-tale," said he, pointing to the sleepers; "your pretty things are not for such people as these. Make haste and slip through the gate; then they won't think that you are in the country, and you will be able to go your way unnoticed and uninterrupted. I will take you to my children, and make a snug pleasant little place for you at my fireside. There you may live and do just as you like; and when my boys and girls have done their lessons, they may come to you with their playfellows, and listen to you as long as you please. Would you like this?"

"Oh! how gladly will I follow you to your dear little ones!" said Fairy-tale; "what trouble will I not take to afford them a pleasant hour!"

The good man nodded kindly, and nimbly lifted the little maiden over the feet of the slumbering watchmen. Fairy-tale looked round with a smile when she had safely passed them, and then slipped quickly in at the gate.

CINDERELLA;

OR,

THE GLASS SLIPPER.




HERE
BOOK
CINDERELLA
OR THE
GLASS SLIPPER

Cinderella.

THE wife of a rich man fell sick: and when she saw that her end drew nigh, she called her only daughter to her bed-side, and said, "Always be a good girl, and God will look down from heaven and protect you." Soon afterwards she shut her eyes and died, and was buried in the church-yard; and the little girl went every day to her grave and wept, and was always good and kind to all about her. And the snow spread a beautiful white covering over the grave; but, by the time the sun had melted it away again, her father had married another wife.

This new wife had two daughters of her own, that she brought home with her; but, unfortunately, they were all three very hard-hearted and ill-tempered, and it was now a sorry time for the poor little girl. "What does the good-for-nothing thing want in the parlour?" said they; "she is only fit to be a kitchen-maid!" Then they took away her fine clothes, and gave her an old

frock to put on, and laughed at her, and turned her into the kitchen to do the work. She was also obliged to sleep in a poor garret, whilst her own nice bed-room was fitted up in the most elegant style, for the use of her sisters-in-law. Thus was this good girl driven from the enjoyment of all her comforts in her father's own house; but she bore it all with the greatest patience. She worked like a slave during the day; and in the evening she would sit in the chimney-corner, among the ashes: so that the sisters called her Cinderslut. The younger of the two felt some pity for the poor girl; and, instead of calling her Cinderslut, she named her Cinderella.

The two sisters decked themselves with all kinds of finery; but they never looked half so sweet as poor Cinderella, although she was ragged, and often dirty.

It happened once that her father was going to the fair, and he asked his wife's daughters what he should bring them. "Fine clothes," said the first: "Pearls and diamonds," cried the second. "Now, child," said he to his own daughter, "what will you have?" "The first sprig, dear father, that rubs against your hat on your way home," said she. Then he bought for the two first the fine clothes, and pearls and diamonds, they had asked for: and, on his way home, as he rode through a green copse, a sprig of hazel brushed against him, and almost pushed off his hat: so he broke it off and brought it away; and when he got home he gave it to his

daughter. Then she took it, and went to her mother's grave, and planted it there; and it was watered with her tears, as well as with the dew, and rain from the sky; and at last it grew till it became a fine tree. Three times every day she went to it and wept; and soon a little bird came and built its nest upon the tree, and brought her whatever she wished for.

Now it happened that the king of the land held a feast which was to last three days, and out of those who came to it his son was to choose a bride for himself. All the people of rank and fashion were invited. The two sisters were among the number; and so proud were they of the honour, that they could talk and think of nothing else. When the time arrived the two sisters called Cinderella up, and said, "Now, comb our hair, brush our shoes, and help us to dress, for we are going to dance at the king's feast." Then she did as she was told; but when all was done she could not help crying, for she thought to herself, she should have liked to go too; and at last she begged her mother to let her go. "You! Cinderella?" said she; "you have nothing to wear, no clothes at all, and who cannot even dance—*you* want to go to the ball!" And while she still begged,—to get rid of her, she said at last, "I will throw this bason-full of peas into the ash heap, and if you have picked them all out in two hours' time you shall go to the feast too." Then she threw the peas into the ashes: but the little

maiden ran out at the back door into the garden, and cried out—

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
All you little songsters fly!
One and all, come help me quick,
Make haste, make haste—come pick, pick, pick!"

Then all the little birds under heaven came chirping and fluttering in at the kitchen window; and flew down into the ashes: and they stooped down their little heads, and began to pick, pick, pick! till at last the whole was done before the end of one hour. Then they all flew out again at the windows and disappeared. Cinderella now brought the dish to her mother, overjoyed at the thought that she should go to the feast. But the mother said, "No, no! you slut, you have no clothes and cannot dance, you shall not go." And when Cinderella begged again, she said, "If you can in one hour's time pick two of those dishes of peas out of the ashes, you shall go too." And thus she thought she should at last get rid of her. So she shook two large dishes of peas into the ashes; but the little maiden went out into the garden at the back of the house, and cried out to the birds as before; and more came still than last time, and before half an hour's time all was done, and out they flew again. Then Cinderella took the dishes to her mother, rejoicing to think that she should now go to the ball. But her mother said, "It is all of no use, you have no

clothes, and cannot dance, and you would only put us to shame, so you shan't go:" and off she went with her daughters to the feast, in a handsome new carriage, and attended by servants in rich livery.

Now when all were gone, and nobody left at home, Cinderella went sorrowfully and sat herself down on her mother's grave, and wept.

At this moment a good old fairy appeared, and smiling kindly upon her asked her what distressed her. Cinderella could hardly speak for sorrow. The fairy then said, "I know, Cinderella, you would like to go to this grand feast. Give over crying and come with me, and I will tell you what to do."

This cheered the poor maiden's heart. The fairy then told her to fetch a pumpkin out of the garden, which she did. The fairy scooped out the inside, and struck it with her wand, and, to the astonishment of Cinderella, it became a splendid carriage. She then took six mice from a trap; and, by touching them with her wand, they were turned into fine horses; turning to Cinderella, she said, "Here, my child, are horses and a carriage, much finer than that of your sisters. Go now to the rat trap, and bring me a rat." Cinderella ran with great speed, and soon returned with a rat, which the fairy turned into a coachman. She next sent her into the garden for some lizards, which the fairy converted into liveried footmen. She then said to Cinderella, "Well, my child, is not this

a fit equipage to take you to the ball?" "Yes," replied Cinderella, astonished, "but where shall I find a suitable dress?" The fairy now touched her with her wand, and immediately her ragged clothes became a most magnificent dress, covered with costly jewels. Her slippers were changed into the most beautiful glass shoes. The fairy now told her to set out for the palace, strictly charging her not to remain at the ball after the clock struck twelve. "For," said she, "if you stop one second after, your coach, horses, and footmen, will all turn to their natural forms; and your fine clothes will turn to rags."

Cinderella promised to attend to the fairy's injunctions, and, full of joy, stepped into her carriage and drove to the palace. When she arrived, the guards and attendants were so struck with her magnificent equipage, that they supposed her to be some rich princess. The moment the carriage drew up, she was surrounded by the courtiers, who assisted her to alight. The lords in waiting conducted her through the suite of apartments to the ball-room. As she entered, all eyes were directed towards her, for all present were struck with her beauty, and the dignity and gracefulness of her person. The richness and splendour of her dress attracted universal admiration; but no one knew who she was: even her cruel sisters-in-law did not recognize her. Indeed, they never dreamed of Cinderslut appearing at the king's ball, especially in such style.

The prince came forward to receive Cinderella, and he so admired her appearance and manners, that he at once offered her his hand to dance. Cinderella, delighted beyond measure at this gracious reception, and astonished at the magnificence of all she saw, danced with the greatest animation. Her proud sisters-in-law were vexed to see any one attracting more attention than themselves; but they did not know the poor, dirty Cinderella again in the splendid dress which she wore.

After dancing some time the prince conducted Cinderella to the supper-room, where he helped her to every delicacy. Cinderella, bewildered with her unexpected fortune, had quite forgotten the injunctions of the fairy, until she cast her eyes on a time-piece. It was just on the stroke of twelve, and remembering the words of the fairy, she started up suddenly, and apologizing to the prince for her early departure, she made a graceful curtsy, and retired. Her carriage was ready at the door of the palace; she jumped into it and drove home as fast as she could. When she reached the house the coach, horses, and servants all disappeared, and Cinderella found herself clothed in her old dirty gown. She waited anxiously for the return of the young ladies, for she much wished to hear what they would say about herself; but she determined to tell them nothing that had happened to her.

The ladies did not return until an early hour in the

morning. As soon as they entered the house they began to tell Cinderella of all the beautiful things they had seen, and how delighted they had been. They told her how much they had been struck with the grace and beauty of a young stranger princess; and how they wished for such a magnificent dress as hers. They spoke of her sudden departure; and the anxiety of the prince to know who she was: but added that no person present could inform him. Cinderella secretly rejoiced at all this, and hoped the kind fairy would give her another opportunity of attending on the following evening.

The prince, anxious again to see this supposed princess, whose beauty was the talk of the whole court, waited impatiently for the second evening's entertainment.

The two sisters went, as before, and tried to excite the envy of Cinderella, by asking her if she would not like to accompany them. Shortly after their departure, the good fairy entered the apartment, and told Cinderella to prepare for the ball; and touching her with a wand, she became clad in the most magnificent garments, exceeding in splendour those she had worn on the first occasion. The same equipage waited at the door, and soon conveyed Cinderella to the palace. She was ushered in as before, and the prince was overjoyed when he saw her. Every possible attention was paid to Cinderella, and attentions were so heaped upon her that she forgot the injunctions of the fairy until she heard the clock strike twelve, when

she hastily arose, left the room, and ran home as fast as possible, stripped of all her finery. On the third evening the same thing took place; but the prince was determined this time to find out who the stranger was. He followed, but could not overtake her, but he picked up one of her glass slippers, which in her haste she had dropped. He inquired of the guards which way the princess had gone. But no one could tell him anything of her.

The prince then returned to his guests, and put the slipper carefully away.

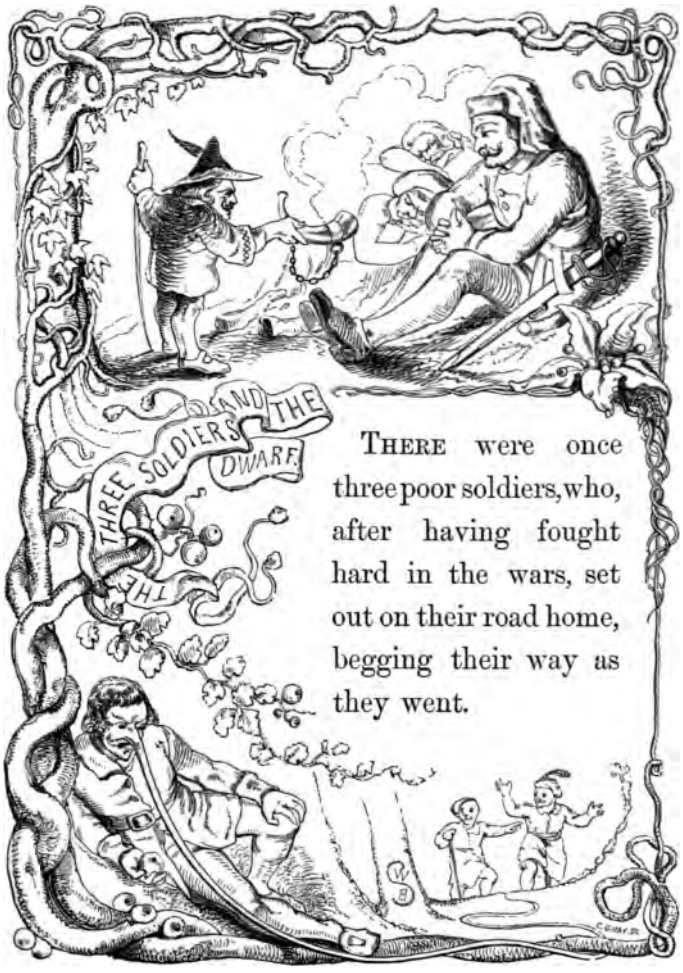
He was, however, so much in love with Cinderella that he determined to marry her, if she could be found. He, therefore, ordered it to be proclaimed that he would marry the person whom the glass slipper should exactly fit. All the ladies who were present at the ball made the trial, but none could wear the glass slipper. At last the prince came to the sisters of Cinderella. They both tried very hard, by dint of pinching and squeezing, to get on the slipper, but to no purpose. Then the prince said to the mother, "Have you no other daughters?" "No," said she: "there is only my step-daughter, a little dirty Cinder-girl; I am sure she cannot be the bride." However, the prince told her to send for her. But the mother said, "No, no, she is much too dirty, she will not dare to show herself:" however, the prince would not be denied, he would have her come. So Cinderella first

washed her face and hands, and then went in and curtsied to him, and he reached her the glass slipper. Then she took her clumsy shoe off her left foot, and put on the glass slipper; and it fitted her as if it had been made for her. And when he drew near and looked in her face he knew her, and said, "This is the right bride." But the mother and both the sisters were frightened, and turned pale with anger as he took Cinderella on his horse, and rode away with her.

When they arrived at the palace, the prince presented the bride to the king his father, who received her with great kindness, and praised her modesty and beauty. It was determined that the marriage should take place as soon as all the arrangements could be made. They then went to the church, where the clergyman was in readiness, and were married, and the wedding festivities were celebrated with the greatest magnificence. Cinderella and the prince lived long and happily together, and she forgave her sisters all their unkindness and ill-treatment, and did all she could to make them happy.

THE THREE SOLDIERS AND THE DWARF.





THERE were once three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went.

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood, through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched, lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before, all on a sudden, up came a little man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have hardly anything left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself, and partake of what we have." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that, whenever he put it over his shoulders, anything he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow, and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch now came, and the first soon laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that would draw crowds around it whenever it was played; and make every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story and showed his treasure; and, as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on and wished for a castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of oxen were grazing about; and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple grey horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but being old soldiers, they could not stay at home always, so they got

together all their rich clothes and houses, and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighbouring king. Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for king's sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand: and having asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her; though, indeed, it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse, and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it; but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches

that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no grey hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back." So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling the gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him she started up and cried with all her force, "Thieves! thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of travelling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades, on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and he took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and the cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with

her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some some way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and dressed herself out as a poor girl with a basket on her arm; she then set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully, that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slily through the crowd and went into his tent where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away; the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess; and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part, we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time till evening began

to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, on opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it: it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down before him. It did not stop there, but still it grew and grew; "Mercy!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And, indeed, it had by this time reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they; so they traced it up, till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load.

So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at

the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was to be sure a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing

for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will never be cured if you do not own it." Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple grey horses.

THE

ENCHANTED HIND


THE ENCHANTED HIND

THE Enchanted Mind.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a King and Queen, whose union was perfect; they loved each other tenderly, and were beloved by their subjects; but as yet they had no children, which, as may be guessed, was a sad grief to them.

One day, as the Queen was taking a solitary walk in a neighbouring forest, she espied a path that not a little surprised her; for, though she had been there thousands of times before, she had never discovered it. Curiosity, however, impelled her to pursue it, and after walking on for some time, what was her surprise when she beheld the lustre of a palace built entirely of diamonds! the walls, roof, ceilings, floors, staircases, balconies, and even the terraces,—all were composed of that precious material. In the excess of her astonishment, she could not forbear an exclamation of wonder; when, as she spoke, the doors of the palace opened, and six Fairies came out of it, the most beautiful and most magnificent that ever

were seen. They approached the Queen, and saluting her in the most affable manner, presented her with a bouquet, containing a rose, a tulip, an anemone, a hyacinth, a pink, and an auricula. "Madam," said one of the Fairies, addressing the Queen, "we cannot show you a greater mark of our respect, than by permitting you to visit us in our Palace; and we are most happy to announce to you, that you will soon have a beautiful Princess, whom you must christen Welcome, which we are sure she will be to you. Fail not, when she is born, to call us to you, for we intend to endow her with all kinds of good qualities: you have only to take the bouquet we have given you, and name each of the six flowers, and be assured you will soon see us in your chamber."

To describe the Queen's transport—how much she spoke of the little Princess Welcome—and how many times she thanked the amiable persons who had announced such agreeable news, would be impossible. She was asked to remain until the evening in the Palace; and as her Majesty was fond of music, her hosts, by their delightful singing, completed her enchantment; after which, loaded with presents, she returned home.

Meanwhile the King and all his household were greatly alarmed at the Queen's absence, and a rigorous search was made, which of course ended unsuccessfully. As she was young and beautiful, it was feared that some

audacious strangers had carried her off. Everybody about the Court was therefore overjoyed to see her return; and, as she was herself in excellent spirits at the promises which had just been made to her, her conversation was so brilliant and agreeable, that she charmed more than ever.

In due time, the Queen became the mother of a Princess, who was christened Welcome; then taking the bouquet that had been given to her, she repeated the names of the flowers one by one, and the six Fairies immediately arrived. They came in chariots, each constructed in a different style and of different materials; one was of ebony, drawn by white pigeons; another of ivory, drawn by small ravens; the rest of cedar, and other valuable woods.

The Fairies now proceeded to endow the child. One gifted her with virtue, another with wit, the third with more than mortal beauty, the fourth with good fortune; the fifth promised her a long and healthy life, and the last that she should do well whatever she attempted.

The overjoyed Queen was expressing her thanks for the favours which the Fairies so liberally showered on her infant Princess, when an old woman, with a furious visage, entered the room. This was a Fairy who had taken affront at some real or imaginary offence that the King and Queen had committed against her many years before, and who now came determined to inflict some ill-

fortune upon the young Princess, and to thwart the benevolent designs of the others. They, knowing that their offended sister meant to endow Welcome with some misfortune, seconded the Queen's endeavours to soften her. "Permit us," they said, "to entreat you not to be angry with a Queen who never intentionally offended you; pray lay aside this frightful figure, that we may see you again in all your charms."

These praises which her sisters bestowed on the old Fairy, partly dissipated her anger. "Well," said she, "I will not inflict upon Welcome all the evil that I had resolved, for it was my intention effectually to mar all your good gifts: but I give you warning, that if she see the light of day before she attain the age of fifteen years, she will have reason to repent it; nay, it may possibly cost her her life." The old Fairy then retired, and disappeared from their sight.

When the Fairy had left the chamber, the sorrowful Queen asked the six Fairies to inform her how she might preserve her daughter from the evils that threatened her.

They held a council; and at last decided, that the best plan would be, to build a palace without doors or windows, with only one subterranean entrance; and in this palace to bring up the Princess, until she should complete her fifteenth year.

A most superb edifice was speedily erected. Outside the walls were of green marble, and inside of white; the

floors and ceilings were of diamonds and emeralds, disposed in the forms of flowers and birds, and innumerable pretty devices; the walls were hung with tapestry of different colours, embroidered by the Fairies' own hands.

The Princess Welcome's residence was lighted by wax tapers only; but there was such an immense number of them that they made a perpetual day. Masters were procured to perfect her education; but her natural wit and intelligence almost always anticipated their instructions, and they were continually charmed and astonished at the surprising progress which she made in all the branches of education.

If her wit charmed all who were thrown into contact with her, her beauty was not less admired. The Fairies often reminded the Queen of the importance of not permitting her to see the light of day before the prescribed time. The Queen promised to pay the utmost attention to their kind recommendations; but, as the time approached when her beloved daughter would be able to quit her Palace of confinement, she had her portrait taken, and sent copies of it to all the great Courts in the world. To have beheld the beautiful Welcome's portrait, and not to have been charmed with it, would have been impossible; but one young Prince was so struck by its surpassing loveliness, that he could not endure that it should be out of his sight. He shut himself up with it in his cabinet, and, speaking as though it were capable of

understanding him, addressed the most impassioned declarations to the beautiful resemblance.

The King his father, no longer observing his son at his usual occupations, inquired what had estranged him, and what it was that caused him to look less happy and cheerful than usual. Some of his courtiers told him that they feared the Prince had lost his senses, as he was in the habit of shutting himself up for whole days in his closet, and talking to himself in the most extravagant terms.

The King, alarmed at hearing this intelligence, sent for his son, and asked him what had happened that his person and temper had undergone such a change. The Prince, thinking it a favourable opportunity to tell him all, threw himself at his father's feet. "You have determined," said he, "to marry me to the Black Princess, and you would certainly derive advantages from my alliance with her, which I cannot promise you would result from my union with the Princess Welcome; but, Sir, I find charms in the latter, that I shall never see in the former."—"And how, pray, have you been able to make a comparison?" demanded the King. "The portraits of both Princesses have been brought me," replied Prince Valiant (so the young Prince was called), "and I have conceived so violent a passion for the Princess Welcome, that, if you do not recall your promise made to the Black Princess, I must certainly die."

"Go and fetch the portrait immediately," said the King, with an air of impatience. The Prince ran to his closet, and returned with the portrait to the King, who was almost as much smitten by it as his son. "Well!" said he, "my dear Valiant, I grant you your desire; I will immediately despatch ambassadors to the Court of the Black Princess, to say that I have changed my mind."

Valiant respectfully kissed his father's hands and embraced him. He then begged the King to despatch ambassadors not only to the Black Princess, but to Welcome, and that he would choose for the latter the richest and most intelligent of his courtiers, as it would be necessary to make some appearance on this occasion, and also to urge his suit with more than ordinary eloquence. The King immediately sent for a very learned and amiable young lord, the intimate friend of Valiant; and to please the latter, the grandest equipage and the handsomest livery were chosen.

When the ambassador had his last audience with the Prince, previous to his departure, the latter embraced him affectionately: "Remember, my dear friend," he said, "that my life depends on the marriage you are about to negotiate; use then all your eloquence to attain it for me, and to bring back with you the amiable Princess whom I adore." Valiant loaded him with a thousand presents for Welcome of the most costly and magnificent

description, and gave him also a portrait of himself, painted in the most skilful and exquisite manner.

The report of his coming preceded the ambassador, and the King and Queen were delighted with the news, as they esteemed and respected Valiant's father, and were not unacquainted with the Prince's heroic actions, and his rare personal virtues, with which they were so satisfied, that, had they searched over the whole world for a husband for their daughter, they could not have found one more worthy of her in their estimation. A palace was accordingly prepared for his ambassador's reception, and all the necessary orders given for the Court to appear in the utmost magnificence.

The ambassador arrived, his equipage taking many hours to proceed from the city-gates to the palace; and the streets through which he passed were completely blocked up by the crowd of spectators from all parts of the kingdom. The King and Queen went out to meet the ambassador, so pleased were they with his coming. But when he begged permission to pay his respects to the Princess, he was not a little surprised that this honour was refused him: "If," said the King, "we refuse a request which appears so reasonable, be assured that it is not through caprice or want of respect, but from a strange fatality which attends our daughter, and of which we will inform you, that you may act accordingly.

"At the moment of her birth she was threatened with

a very severe misfortune, if she should by any chance see the light of day before she had attained the age of fifteen years; accordingly we have hitherto kept her in close confinement, in a palace of which the finest apartments are under ground. We had resolved that you should visit her; but one of her guardians has charged us on no account to allow you so to do."

"Sire," replied the ambassador, in astonishment, "shall I then have the disappointment of returning without her? You will not, I trust, refuse her in marriage to the Prince, my master's son. She is looked for at his court with the utmost impatience, and is it possible that you can be influenced by such fears? Here is Prince Valiant's portrait, which I have orders to present to your daughter; it is so excellent a likeness, that I think I see him when I look upon it." Thereupon he displayed the portrait, and the King and Queen were so struck with it, that they entreated the ambassador to allow them to present it to the Princess. Overjoyed at this request, he readily transferred it into their hands.

Hitherto the Queen had not mentioned to her daughter what was passing, and had also forbidden her attendants to say a word on the subject of the ambassador's arrival. She now went to her daughter's room to tell her all that had happened. When the Queen showed Welcome the portrait of the young Prince she was much astonished; for she had never seen one of so handsome a young man

as Valiant, whose features and air charmed her exceedingly.

"Should you be sorry," said the Queen, laughing, "to have a husband resembling this portrait?" Welcome blushed, cast down her eyes, and made no answer. The Queen embraced her tenderly, and could not forbear shedding tears to think that she was on the point of parting with her; for it wanted only three months to complete her fifteenth year. Concealing her uneasiness, however, the Queen informed her daughter of the object of the embassy, and gave her the presents which Prince Valiant had sent. Welcome could not but admire them, and praised with much taste the most curious among them; but her eyes wandered from time to time to gaze on the portrait of Prince Valiant, which she contemplated with a pleasure which had until then been unknown to her.

Meanwhile the ambassador, finding that all his entreaties failed to induce the King to allow Welcome to return with him to his court, and that he could only obtain the promise of her hand for Valiant (though that promise was given so solemnly that he could not doubt the King's intention to fulfil it), made but a short stay with the King, and hurried home to tell the result of his mission.

When the Prince learned that he could not hope to see Welcome for three months to come, his lamentations

afflicted all the court; he could scarcely eat or sleep, and he soon became quite dejected and melancholy.

The King's grief on account of this was excessive; for he was doatingly fond of his son, whose death he feared might be the consequence of his disappointment. In this extremity, he resolved to visit the King and Queen who had promised their daughter to Valiant, to entreat them to have pity on the Prince, and to defer no longer a marrriage which could never take place, if they were resolved on waiting till the Princess was fifteen years of age. Unfortunately his great age obliged him to travel in a litter, a mode of conveyance which accorded but ill with his son's impatience; the trusty ambassador was therefore despatched in advance, charged with the most touching messages, in which Prince Valiant conjured the King and Queen to yield to his wishes.

Meanwhile, Welcome received as much pleasure in the contemplation of the Prince's portrait, as Valiant had in regarding her own. She was continually in the chamber in which it hung, and, careful as she was to conceal her sentiments, her attendants were not slow in perceiving them, and, among others, Flora and Narcissa, two of her maids. Flora passionately loved her mistress, and was faithful to her; but Narcissa (whose mother was mistress of the Princess's wardrobe) had always felt a secret envy of Welcome's beauty, birth, and accomplishments.

The ambassador having arrived, he sought out the

royal apartment, threw himself at the King and Queen's feet, and, his eyes filled with tears, informed them, in the most moving terms, that Prince Valiant would surely die if they still refused to grant him the pleasure of seeing their daughter; that it wanted only three months to complete her fifteenth year; and that surely no harm could befall her in so short a space of time: in short, the ambassador was so eloquent that he carried his point. The King and Queen wept at hearing his account of the sorrowful condition to which the young Prince was reduced, and told him that they yielded, and would immediately consider in what manner his wishes could best be accomplished.

The Queen hastened to her daughter's palace, to inform her of all that had passed, and to consult as to the proper precautions for avoiding the threatened danger. After some consultation, it occurred to them at last that the best plan would be for the Princess to travel in a carriage so closely shut up as not to admit daylight. Her attendants could open it at night to give her food; and she would thus arrive in time to save Prince Valiant's life, and yet incur no danger.

The Queen communicated the idea to the King, by whom it was approved. It was, therefore, determined that Welcome should set out immediately, and the ambassador departed to carry the pleasing intelligence to his master.

For Welcome's accommodation, a carriage was built of costly wood, covered with green velvet and plates of gold, and lined with rose-coloured brocade embroidered with silver. It was large and commodious, but had no windows, and the door was contrived to shut so closely, that there was not a crevice left by which the smallest ray of light might enter. The King and Queen then presented Welcome with some fine clothes and jewellery; and, after bidding adieu to her parents and the courtiers, who were overwhelmed with grief at parting with her, she was locked up in the carriage with her attendants.

It will be remembered that Narcissa did not like the Princess Welcome; and she and her mother now formed a wicked plot to defeat the intended union by destroying the Princess. The King and Queen, trusting to the vigilance of her attendants, felt no uneasiness on their daughter's account; and their confidence in her safety served to lessen their grief at her departure. But Narcissa, who found that they were now drawing near the court of Valiant's father, where they were hourly expected, pressed her mother to carry their plan into effect immediately, lest the King or the Prince should come to meet the Princess, and thus prevent their design. Accordingly, about noon next day, the wicked mistress of the robes took a large knife, which she had brought with her on purpose, and suddenly cut a large hole in the carriage. The sun was shining brilliantly at the moment,

and, for the first time, Welcome saw its light. The unfortunate Princess uttered a deep sigh, and in a moment was changed into a White Hind! The door was thrown open, and she immediately bounded away, and was lost in a neighbouring forest. Here she sought a shady thicket, in which, unobserved, she might regret the charming form of which she had been so cruelly deprived.

Flora ran into the forest, in the direction her mistress had taken, making the rocks and leafy avenues re-echo with her lamentations; while Narcissa and her mother, overjoyed to have succeeded in their wicked design, lost not a moment in carrying on their scheme. Narcissa dressed herself in Welcome's magnificent clothes. Thus attired, they proceeded towards the capital; and they had not advanced many steps, when they observed a numerous body of horsemen, surrounding two litters, glittering with gold and precious stones, and borne by mules, wearing plumes of green feathers. Some of the courtiers in advance of the troop galloped up to them, alighted, and accosted them respectfully. "Have the goodness to inform me," said Narcissa to them, "who are in those litters?"—"Madam," answered the cavaliers, "the King of these realms and the Prince his son, who are coming to meet the Princess Welcome."—"In that case," said Narcissa, "I entreat you to inform them she is here."

On hearing this, the courtiers kissed the hem of Nar-

cissa's robe, and hastened back to inform the King that the Princess was at hand. Prince Valiant, burning with impatience, called them to his side, and immediately addressing them, "Confess," said he, "that she is a miracle of beauty, an angel, an all-accomplished Princess." Their silence not a little surprised the Prince. "Seeing that she is beyond all praise, I suppose you prefer saying nothing?" he continued. "My lord," said the most courageous of them, "you will soon be able to judge for yourself. Perhaps the fatigue of travelling has altered her appearance." The Prince was all astonishment, and, had he been less weak than he was, would have sprung from the litter to satisfy his impatience and curiosity. But the King alighted, and advancing, surrounded by his courtiers, soon joined the counterfeit Princess. No sooner, however, did he obtain a glimpse of her features, than he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, falling back a few steps, "What do I see? what treachery is this?"—"Sire," said the mistress of the robes, stepping boldly forward, "behold the Princess Welcome; here are her parents' letters, which I deliver into your hands, together with the casket of jewels which they intrusted to my keeping previous to our departure."

In the mean time the Prince, leaning on his ambassador, drew near to Narcissa. What was his astonishment when he beheld her extraordinary figure! Solely occupied by the idea of his charming Princess, he was for

some time dumb with astonishment. At last turning to the King, "I am betrayed," said he; "the wondrous portrait which has captivated my heart, is no likeness of this person; we are the victims of a stratagem which will cost me my life."

"I do not understand you, my lord," said Narcissa. "You will not be deceived in marrying me," Her arrogance and impudence were unparalleled, while her wicked mother seconded her daughter in the most artful manner.

The King and the Prince were too indignant to make any reply to their insolence, but entered their litters again without further ceremony; while the false Princess and the mistress of the robes, mounted on horseback behind two of the body-guard, were carried to the capital, and, by the King's orders, confined in a dungeon.

Prince Valiant was so overwhelmed by the disappointment he had just experienced, that no words could express his affliction. How bitterly did he bewail his hard fate! His love was still passionate as ever, although its object was now only a portrait. All his hopes were blighted, all the charming ideas that had filled his mind with regard to Welcome had suddenly vanished; in a word, never was grief equal to his. No longer able to endure his father's court, he resolved, so soon as his health should permit him to retire, to find

some solitary place where he might pass the remainder of his sorrowful days.

He communicated his design to the faithful ambassador, who, he was convinced, would share his flight, and with whom he found a melancholy satisfaction in discoursing of the injury he had received. In a short time he set out, leaving on his closet table a long letter for the King his father, in which he assured his Majesty, that when his mind should have recovered the shock it had received he would return to court.

It is easy to imagine the King's grief when one morning this letter was put into his hands! The separation from his beloved son nearly cost him his life; but while the courtiers were occupied in soothing his Majesty's affliction, Valiant and his friend were hastening on their journey. At the end of three days they came to a vast forest, where the trees afforded so delightful a shade, and the turf was so green and flowery, that the Prince, fatigued with travelling, being still far from well, alighted from his horse, and threw himself sorrowfully on the bank of a rivulet. "While you repose," said Becafica, "I will seek for some fruit, and see on what part of the world we have lighted." The Prince made no answer, but silently acceded to the proposal.

But we must now return to the White Hind, or rather the Princess Welcome. Having left the carriage as already related, she stopped at a clear fountain in the

forest, and was lamenting her sorrowful destiny, when she observed her shadow in the water. "What do I see?" said she: "Alas! I am surely brought to a more miserable condition than ever was innocent Princess before! How long must I endure this dreadful change? Whither must I fly for protection from the lions, bears, and wolves?" Thus she continued to exclaim, her grief continually augmenting, until it became almost unbearable.

At last, feeling hungry, she began to nibble the grass, and found it so much to her taste that she ate with good appetite, not a little surprised at the novelty of her food. She then lay down on the turf; but her terror, when night came on, effectually prevented her from sleeping. She heard the wild beasts of the forest howling around her for their prey, and frequently forgetting that she was a Hind, she endeavoured to climb a tree. Becoming a little calmer towards day-break, she saw, for the first time in her life, the sun rise in all its glory, and was so struck with admiration at its brilliancy that she could not withdraw her eyes from it, and for a time forgot her sorrows. All she had heard of its splendour fell far short of the reality of what she now witnessed, and gazing on the sun became a consolation she had not hoped for in that desert place, where she remained for several days.

The Fairy Tulip was sensibly afflicted at Welcome's misfortune, although extremely vexed that her parents

should have been so incautious as to forget the danger she was in, if she left the palace before her fifteenth year. But she would not abandon her favourite, and she determined to find a lodging in the forest both for Welcome and Flora, that the latter might console her mistress in her sufferings.

Flora had seated herself under a shady tree, on the bank of a rivulet, and was sorrowfully considering what direction she should take in search of her dear mistress, when the White Hind, perceiving her from the opposite bank, on which she had been leisurely walking, with one bound cleared the stream, and running up to Flora, covered her with caresses. The maid was astonished; but, on looking more attentively in the Hind's face, was still more surprised to observe large tears coursing each other down its cheeks. She no longer doubted that it was her beloved Princess. She took its feet in her hand and kissed them, with as much respect and tenderness as she would have kissed the Princess's hands. She spoke affectionately to the Hind, and perceived with joy that it understood her, although it could not answer her. Flora promised her mistress never to forsake her, and the Hind made signs, as well as she could, that she should be very glad of her maid's company.

The enchanted Princess and her maid remained thus together nearly all day, when Welcome, recollecting that her faithful Flora must be hungry, conducted her to a part

of the wood in which she had observed some wild fruit-trees. Flora quickly gathered the fruit, which was not bad; but, having satisfied her hunger, she became very uneasy as to where they should pass the night; for the idea of remaining in the open forest, exposed to the night air and to wild beasts, seemed out of the question, and bitterly lamenting their cruel fate, she burst into tears.

Her grief moved the Fairy Tulip, who, as we have said, still loved Welcome tenderly; so, suddenly appearing—"I am not come to reproach you," said she; "the condition to which you are reduced gives me too much pain." The Hind and Flora interrupted the Fairy by throwing themselves at her feet: the former kissed Tulip's hands, and caressed her fondly, while Flora entreated her to take pity on the Princess, and restore her to her natural shape. "That is not at present in my power," answered the Fairy; "but I can perhaps shorten the time of her enchantment, and until it has expired, she will be able to quit her present form at the close of the day; but directly the morning appears, she must again become a Hind, and wander through the woods and plains like other deer."

This was a great relief both to the unhappy Princess and to her attendant. "Follow this foot-path," said the Fairy, "it will take you to a little cabin, pretty well furnished for such an out-of-the-way place." She then

disappeared, and Flora, accompanied by the Hind, immediately taking the direction pointed out by the Fairy, presently came to a small cottage, at the door of which was seated an old woman, who was making a wicker basket. "Good mother," said Flora, "will you have the kindness to accommodate myself and my Hind for the night in your cottage? we require but one little room between us."—"Yes, daughter," answered the good dame, "I will give you a lodging with pleasure; come in, and bring your Hind with you." With that she showed them into a neat little room, in which stood two small beds, so nice and clean, that the Princess afterwards declared she had never seen an apartment more to her taste.

At nightfall Welcome, as she had been promised by the Fairy, resumed her natural shape. She tenderly embraced her dear Flora, and thanked her for the affection that had induced her to follow and share her fortunes.

After awhile the old woman knocked softly at their door, and, without entering the room, gave Flora a basket of fine ripe fruit, of which the Princess made a hearty supper, and then retired to bed. In the morning, Welcome again became a Hind, and, after an affectionate parting with her maid, although it was only for a short time, she entered the thickest part of the neighbouring forest.

It so happened that Prince Valiant and his friend arrived at the cottage of the same old woman who had

sheltered Welcome and Flora, and they very civilly begged the old lady to give them some refreshment. Accordingly she filled a basket with fruit, and having given it to them, said, "I fear that if you pass the night in the open forest, some misfortune will befall you. You are welcome to a room in my cottage, which, although poor, will at least protect you from wild beasts." They thanked her, and accepted her hospitality, and she led them to a room exactly like that occupied by Flora and the Hind.

Prince Valiant passed a restless night as usual. Directly the sun's first rays shone on the windows of his room he arose, and, to divert his sorrow, walked into the forest, telling Becafica not to accompany him. He walked about a long while, heedlessly, and presently came to a shady thicket, from which there immediately rushed a White Hind. Valiant could not forbear pursuing it, for the chase was his favourite exercise, and, although he had not hunted lately, he still carried his bow. His enthusiasm returning, he started off warmly in pursuit, and from time to time shot arrows at the poor Hind, which almost frightened her to death. She escaped them all, however, though Valiant was so excellent a sportsman that he seldom failed in his mark. Never was any one so tired as the White Hind: at last, almost exhausted, she suddenly and dexterously turned into a path-way, and so baffled her pursuer.

The Hind was very glad when twilight came, and turned her steps towards the cottage, where Flora impatiently awaited her. When she reached her apartment she threw herself, out of breath and covered with perspiration, on the bed, while her attendant caressed her tenderly, almost dying with anxiety to know what had happened to her in the forest. Night having set in, the Princess resumed her natural shape, when, throwing her arms around her favourite's neck,—"Alas!" said she, "I thought I had only to fear the cruel Fairy and the wild tenants of the forest; but I have been pursued to-day by a young huntsman, whom I hardly saw, in my precipitation to escape from his arrows, which he shot at me repeatedly; and I know not by what miracle I have been preserved from death." "You must not go into the forest again, my Princess," replied Flora: "pass in this chamber the fatal period of your penance."—"Alas!" answered the Princess, "the same power that reduced me to the condition of a Hind, compels me, in spite of myself, to scour the plains, to leap across brooks and fences, and to eat grass like other animals; consequently, the confinement of a chamber would be insupportable." Then, having acquired a good appetite by her violent exercise, she asked for her supper, and, directly she had eaten it, went to sleep, and slept soundly until the next morning at day-break, when she again sought the forest.

Meanwhile the Prince, returning in the evening to

rejoin Becafica, said to him, "I have spent my time in chasing the loveliest Hind I ever saw; she gave me the slip a hundred times with wonderful adroitness, for I took such care to hit her that I am at a loss to conceive how she escaped my arrows; but I intend to resume my pursuit of her to-morrow." Becafica was not sorry to perceive that the Prince's passion for the chase had revived. He encouraged him, therefore, in his determination to return next morning to the place where he had first seen the Hind, who, however, took care to avoid the spot, fearful of another adventure of the same kind. Valiant looked cautiously around him, but walked through and through the thicket to no purpose. Tired and heated by his fruitless search, he was not a little pleased when he came to a tree laden with apples, which looked so ripe and tempting that he gathered and ate some of them, when he almost immediately felt so sleepy, that, coming to a spot where myriads of singing birds seemed to have made their rendezvous, he threw himself on the grass under the trees, and fell fast asleep.

Scarcely had Valiant closed his eyes when the Hind entered the grove where he was reposing. She came close to where he lay before she saw him, and, his breathing informing her that he was asleep, paused to contemplate his features. How was she astonished when she recognised in the sleeper the original of her lover's portrait! Her mind was too full of his charming image



THE ENCHANTED HIND.

to have forgotten Valiant in so short a time. She laid herself down at a short distance from the Prince, and her eyes, delighted with the sight of her lover, were fixed on him intently; but fearing he might awake, she immediately ran home, and in the evening she recounted the adventure to Flora.

"Would you believe, my dear Flora," she began, "that Prince Valiant is in this forest? and he it was who pursued me yesterday. Ah! what a poor likeness of him is the portrait I received! he is a hundred times more handsome. Am I not unfortunate to be obliged to fly from the Prince for whom my parents have destined me, whom I love so dearly, and by whom I am loved in return?" These thoughts made her weep, while Flora endeavoured to console her, by reminding her, that after a time her sorrows would be at an end.

The next morning, at daybreak, the Princess was undecided whether to seek the Prince or to avoid him. At last she resolved to go to a distance from the part of the forest where she had met with him the previous day. She believed herself safe from pursuit, when suddenly she perceived the Prince. With one bound she cleared the bushes, and flew along more swiftly than the wind; but, while she was crossing a footpath, Valiant took so good an aim that he succeeded in wounding her in the leg. The Hind, thus wounded, and unable to fly farther, sank upon the ground.

The Prince hastened to the spot. All his anger vanished, and he felt a deep sorrow on seeing the blood flow from the wound he had inflicted: he gathered some herbs, and after binding them on the wounded leg to soothe her pain, made her a litter of branches and moss. At last the Prince resolved to remove the wounded Hind, but was not a little embarrassed with carrying, leading, and sometimes drawing her after him on the litter. Welcome was in an agony all the while:—"What will become of me?" she said to herself: "how shall I escape?" Valiant in the mean time was almost ready to sink under her weight; so that, although not far from the old dame's cottage, he felt that without some assistance he could not carry her thither. He therefore resolved to fetch his faithful Becafica; but, before leaving his prize, he tied her with ribbons to a tree, that she might not escape.

In vain the White Hind tried to break the ribbons; her efforts only tightened the knots, and she had almost strangled herself when Flora, who had been walking in the forest, came by chance to the spot where she was struggling. What was her astonishment to perceive her dear mistress in such a condition! She ran to her assistance, and, after disentangling and untying the ribbons, had nearly released her, when Prince Valiant, accompanied by Becafica, arrived.

"Whatever respect I may have for your sex, Madam," said the Prince, "I cannot permit you to release this

Hind. I struck her in the forest; she therefore belongs to me; and I entreat you to allow me to remain her master."—"Sir," answered Flora, courteously, (for she was handsome and well spoken,) "this Hind was mine before she was yours, and I would rather lose my life than part with her. If you would convince yourself of the truth of what I say, I only ask you to set her at liberty. Come, Blanche, Blanche," continued Flora, "come and embrace me." Welcome threw her fore-legs round her maid-of-honour's neck. "Kiss my right cheek:" she did so. "Touch my heart:" she placed her forefoot on Flora's bosom. "Sigh:" and the Hind sighed. The Prince could not, after this, doubt what Flora had told him. "I restore your Hind," said Valiant, obligingly, "but I confess that it is not without reluctance." Flora thanked him, and hastened from the spot, accompanied by the Hind.

They had no idea that the Prince resided in the same cottage with themselves: he also, after following them for some time, was greatly surprised to see them enter the old woman's cottage. Prompted by curiosity, he demanded of the old dame who the young person was whom he had seen enter the cottage with the Hind. She answered, that she did not know, but that she had received her with the Hind a few days before; that she paid her well, and lived quite retired.

When the Prince had entered his apartment, Becafica

said that he was greatly mistaken if the young lady they had seen had not lived with the Princess Welcome; and that he had seen her at the palace on the occasion of his embassy. "What a sorrowful remembrance have you brought to my mind!" said Valiant; "but by what chance can one of the Princess's attendants be here?"—"Of that I am ignorant," replied Becafica; "but I will endeavour to learn the cause of her retirement; for I cannot but think there is some mystery connected with it."

As the evening was fine, Becafica determined to walk out alone into the garden which lay behind the old dame's cottage, and to think over in his mind the best means of discovering the secret. He walked on till he came to the end of the garden, and here he found himself stopped by a thick hedge, which seemed to separate him from a still more retired part of the inclosure. He stood still, and at length he thought he heard a faint sound of voices in conversation, when by and by he perceived an opening in the leaves, which permitted him to look through into an arbour beyond. To his astonishment, he saw a charming Princess, dressed in a gown of silver brocade, embroidered with pink flowers, and bordered with gold and emeralds: her hair fell in large ringlets around the finest neck ever seen, and in her complexion the lily was blended with the rose to the most enchanting perfection, while no words can do justice to her sparkling

black eyes. Flora was on her knees, binding up her fair mistress's arm, from which the blood was flowing. "Let me die," said the Princess to her faithful attendant; "death were preferable to the unhappy life I lead. To continue a Hind all day, and to see him I love, without being able to speak to him, to inform him of my fatal enchantment! Alas! had you heard to-day his gentle voice—had you witnessed his graceful and noble manners, you would lament still more than you do my misfortune."

Becafica's amazement at what he saw and heard may be easily imagined. He ran back to the Prince in a transport of inexpressible joy. "Ah! my lord," said he, "I have found the original of the portrait which has stolen your heart!" He then led Prince Valiant to the arbour, who, on looking through, immediately recognised his Princess. What words can tell the pleasure he experienced; although he feared he was the sport of enchantment! In truth, how could he reconcile so surprising an event with his recollections of Narcissa and her mother, whom he had left confined in the black tower, and who called themselves, the one Welcome, and the other her mistress of the robes?

Though dying with impatience to clear up his doubts, Prince Valiant was induced to go back to his room until the Princess should return to the cottage. Having ascertained from the old dame the proper time, the Prince went and knocked gently at the door of the Princess's

chamber. Flora, supposing that it was the old woman, hastened to open it; and was not a little surprised to see the Prince, who entered the room, and threw himself at Welcome's feet.

His excess of joy almost prevented his speaking, and the Princess was equally embarrassed in her reply. Tears, sighs, and smiles by turns passed between the lovers. They then parted for the night, and when the day appeared Welcome found, to her agreeable surprise, she was not changed into a Hind. The cruel enchantment was at an end. Her joy was boundless, and she then began the recital of her life to her lover, telling him her whole history from first to last.

He, in turn, related to her the fraud practised by Narcissa and her mother, adding, that Becafica must hasten to the King to inform him of his son's good fortune, as he was about to wage a terrible war against her father's kingdom, in revenge for the affront he believed himself to have received. Becafica was on the point of setting out, when a loud concert of trumpets, clarions, cymbals, and drums, was heard in the forest; they fancied that they heard also the tramp of many feet at no great distance from the cottage. Valiant looked out of the window, and immediately recognised several of his father's officers, with the colours and standards of their reigments, and commanded them to halt.

Never were soldiers more delighted than were these

on recognising Valiant; the universal opinion being that the Prince was about to put himself at their head, and to lead them against Welcome's father. The King himself, notwithstanding his great age, commanded the army. He was in a litter of velvet, embroidered with gold, followed by an open chariot, in which Narcissa and her mother were seated. When Valiant recognised his father's litter he ran up to it, and the King received him with open arms, and embraced him with every testimony of paternal love. "Whence come you, my child?" cried he; "how little do you know the affliction your absence has caused me!"—"Sire," said Valiant, "deign to listen to me." The King immediately alighted from his litter, and, retiring to a grove hard by, his son informed him of his fortunate meeting with Welcome, and of the treachery of Narcissa and her mother.

The King, filled with gratitude at this good news, raised his hands and eyes to Heaven to return thanks; and, at that moment, the Princess Welcome appeared before him, more lovely and more brilliant than all the stars. She was mounted on a superb palfry; feathers of different hues ornamented her head, and her jewels consisted of the largest diamonds ever dug from the earth. She wore a hunting-dress, as also did Flora, who followed in her mistress's train. All this was the result of the Fairy's protection.

The army now received orders to retrace its steps.

The Prince mounted on horseback to accompany his beautiful Princess, and they were welcomed to the capital with the greatest manifestations of loyalty and affection.

The faithful Becafica, who had been charmed by the beauty and fidelity of Flora, (who, on her side, entertained no less admiration for the noble qualities of the ambassador,) begged his master to request, on his behalf, of Welcome, that she would consent to their union, and allow their nuptials to be solemnized on the day he should marry the Princess. Valiant pleaded accordingly for his ambassador, and, as may be supposed, succeeded without any great difficulty. The two unhappy prisoners were, at the request of Welcome, released, and banished the kingdom for ever. The wedding feast of the Prince and Princess was celebrated with great rejoicings, which lasted several months. Each day now added to their attachment. They reigned happily and peaceably over their subjects, until they reached a good old age; and their posterity inherited their kingdom and their virtues for many generations after them.



THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.




Franklin
KILLER
JACK THE GIANT



In the days of the renowned King Arthur there lived a Cornishman, named Jack, who was famous for his valiant deeds.

This bold and warlike spirit shewed itself in his boyish days; for Jack took especial delight in listening to the wonderful tales of giants and fairies, and the extraordinary feats of valour displayed by the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, which his father would sometimes relate. Jack's spirit was so fired by these strange accounts, that he determined, if ever he became a man, that he would destroy some of the cruel giants who infested the land.

The time at length arrived when he determined to attack the giants. Not many miles from his father's house there lived, on the top of St. Michael's Mount, a

huge giant, who was the terror of the country round. His name was Dynabus; but the country people named him Cormoran, from his voracious appetite. It is said that he was eighteen feet in height. When he required food, he came down from his castle, and seizing upon the flocks of the poor people, would throw half a dozen oxen over his shoulders, and suspend as many sheep as he could carry, and stalk back to his castle. He had carried on these depredations many years; and the poor Cornish people were well-nigh ruined. At length Jack determined to put a stop to his thefts by killing him. After his depredations the giant usually remained in his castle until he had consumed his booty. Jack, taking advantage of this circumstance, went by night to the foot of the mount and dug a very deep pit, which he covered with sticks and straw, and over which he strewed the earth. When all was completed, he blew a loud blast with his horn, which aroused the giant. He came out of his castle in a great rage; and when he saw Jack at the foot of the mount, he roared in a voice like thunder, "You young rascal! I will punish you for daring thus to disturb me." And so saying, he came pacing down the mount; but as soon as he reached the bottom, he stepped on Jack's trap, and fell headlong into the pit.

Jack immediately ran to the pit, and said, laughing, "Oh, Mr. Giant! you mean to punish me, do you? So you may, when you have the chance."

The giant tried to climb out of the pit; and as he raised his head, Jack gave him such a blow with his pickaxe, that he fell back dead.

Jack now ran home in great glee to tell his friends and neighbours how he had killed their old enemy. The whole country round rejoiced at this news, and determined to bestow some honour upon Jack, as a reward for his bravery.

They accordingly presented him with a sword and belt, on which was written—

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the Giant Cormoran."

And they named him Jack the Giant-killer.

Proud of his new honour, and encouraged by his success, Jack resolved to attack all the giants he could find. The news of his exploit soon spread through that part of the country. It reached the ear of a cruel old giant named Blunderbore, who declared that he would take revenge on Jack if ever he met with him. Blunderbore lived in a castle in the midst of a large wood. Jack set forth on his journey in pursuit of giants, and it so happened that he passed through the wood in which Blunderbore resided; and being rather tired, he sat down by a clear spring, and fell asleep. Whilst in this condition the giant came to the spring for water, and saw Jack lying there; and reading the lines on his belt, he

seized him, and walked towards his castle. Poor Jack awoke; and when he found himself in the giant's grasp, he was ready to die from fear. "Ah! ah! master Jack," said he, "you are the man I have long wished to get hold of. You are the man who killed my brother Cormoran, and now I will torture and kill you." Jack begged for mercy; but the monster heeded not. He then locked Jack in a large dungeon, the floor of which was covered with dead men's bones, until he went to fetch a neighbour to enjoy the sight of Jack's punishment. During his absence, Jack heard many shrieks and groans from other parts of the castle; and a voice said—

"Haste! valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey:
On his return he'll bring another
Still more savage than his brother—
A horrid, cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you.
Then, valiant stranger, haste away,
Or you'll become the giant's prey."

These words thrilled through his heart, and he resolved to make some effort to escape. On searching the dungeon, he found two large cords, which he thought might help to deliver him. After making a noose, he climbed up to the grating of the dungeon, which he found was directly over the castle-gate. At a distance he saw the two giants walking arm in arm towards the castle. "Now," said Jack to himself, "I must use my wits, or I

am a dead man. If I can but drop this noose over their necks as they pass under the gate, I shall hang the monsters." Encouraged by this thought, Jack seized the rope, and fastening one end to a hook, he let drop the noose round the necks of both as they passed under the window, and putting forth all his strength, he pulled the rope so tight that they were strangled. He then crept through the bars of his prison, and sliding down the rope, pierced them through with his sword. Then seizing the keys, which were tied round the waist of Blunderbore, he entered the castle, and examined every room. On coming to one, he found three ladies suspended by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death. Jack immediately released them, and asked how they came there. They told him that the giant had murdered and robbed their husbands, and had hung them there until they should be starved. Jack related how he had destroyed the giant, and begged them to accept the keys of the castle, and to take all that they could find therein; he then bade them adieu, and departed on his journey towards Wales.

He travelled on till night overtook him, when he entered a lonely valley, in which he found a large castle. Jack, being hungry and weary, went boldly up to the gate and knocked with all his might. In a few seconds he was horrified at the sight of a monstrous giant, having two heads, who came to the gate. Jack now knew where

he was. This was a Welch giant, well known in all the land, and was notorious for his malicious cunning; for he always treated strangers with the greatest kindness, in order that he might get them into his power. Jack was determined, however, to try his fortune with him, as he knew there were in his castle four things, which, if he could get hold of them, would be very valuable to him—a coat which would make him invisible, a cap to tell him whatever he desired to know, a sword which would cut through everything it touched, and shoes which would render him as fleet as a horse. The giant saluted Jack very courteously, and asked him his business. Jack replied "that he was a poor traveller overtaken by the night." The giant told him he was welcome to shelter in his house, and invited him to come in. He then led him to a large room, and gave him some food, after which he conducted Jack to his bedroom, and wished him a good night. Jack jumped into bed, but could not sleep. In the middle of the night he heard the giant pacing about, and muttering these words:—

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light,
For with my club I'll kill you outright."

"Oh, indeed!" said Jack to himself, "are these the tricks you play upon travellers? I'll be as cunning as you, Mr. Double-face." Jack now crept out of bed, and searched the room for something to put in his place. He

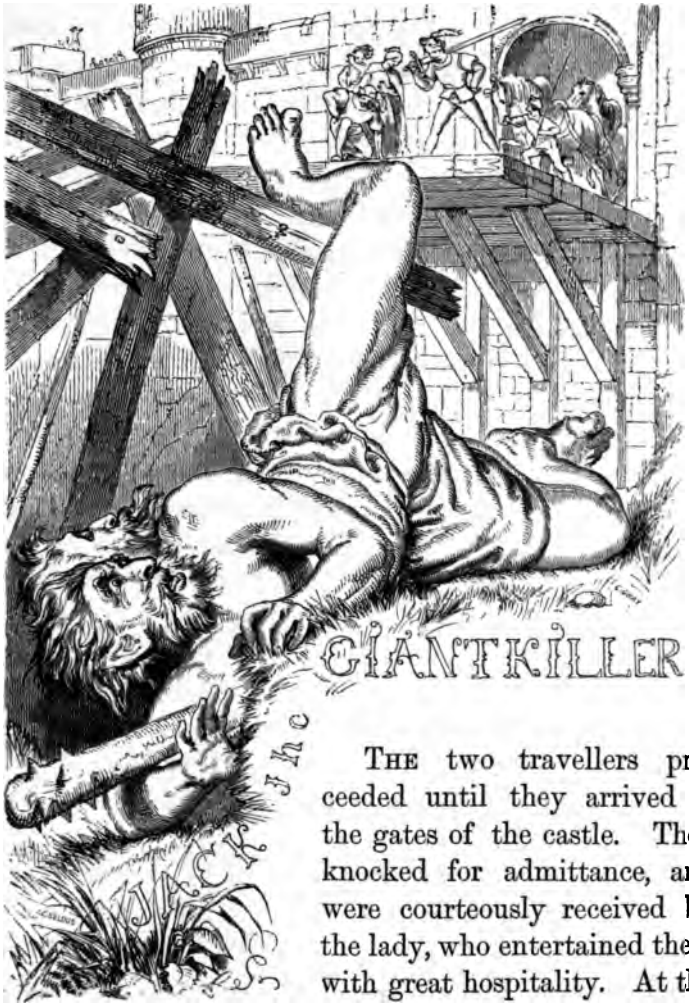
soon found a piece of wood, which he put into the bed and covered over, whilst he himself crept under the bed. Shortly after, he heard the monster coming towards his room. The giant came quietly in, and going up to the bed, he struck it several times with his club, and then left the room, thinking that he had broken all poor Jack's bones. As soon as the giant was moving, Jack determined to show no fear, but to meet the giant just as though nothing had happened; and putting on a bold undaunted appearance, he went down into the sitting-room, and thanked the giant for his hospitality. The giant started on seeing him, and replied, "You are quite welcome. Pray how did you sleep? I hope you were not disturbed in the night?"

"I was disturbed a little," said Jack. "Surely you must have rats in the house, for I felt something like a rat's tail strike my bed two or three times, but it soon went away."

This speech mightily surprised the giant, but he said nothing. He then produced two huge bowls of hasty pudding, one of which he set before Jack, and the other he took himself. Jack, instead of eating his, contrived to pour it down his neck into a leathern bag which hung round him. When they had finished, Jack said, "Now I can do what you cannot. I can run a knife in here," pointing to his bag, "without killing myself." He then seized the knife, plunged it into his leathern bag, and out

ran all the pudding on the floor. The giant was surprised at this; and not liking to be outdone by such a stripling, he seized the knife, plunged it into his body, and died. Jack went immediately to his room, and seized the coat, the cap, the sword, and the shoes, and then pursued his journey.

In a few days he met with a knight, who was going to deliver a lady from the power of a magician. Jack offered him his company, of which the knight was very glad; and they travelled on together.



THE two travellers proceeded until they arrived at the gates of the castle. They knocked for admittance, and were courteously received by the lady, who entertained them with great hospitality. At the

end of the repast, the lady abruptly left the room; when Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which immediately informed him that she was gone forth to meet the magician in the forest, where he exercised his diabolical arts. Jack forthwith put on his coat, and becoming invisible, he went into the forest, where he saw the magician exercising his enchantments on the beautiful lady. Jack advanced quickly towards him, and with his sword cut off his head; and the lady was immediately delivered from her enchantment. They returned to the castle, and were joyfully received by the knight. The following day the knight and his lady were betrothed, and they set off for the court of King Arthur, where they were received with great acclamations of joy. Jack was made Knight of the Round Table, as a reward for his gallant exploits. But he resolved not to live in idleness; so he begged permission of the king to go in pursuit of the giants; "for," said he, "there are many living among the Welch mountains, and they oppress the people. If your majesty permits me, I will soon rid the kingdom of these monsters." When the king heard the brave proposal of Jack, he was highly pleased, for he knew how cruel and bloodthirsty these giants were. He therefore ordered everything that was proper to be provided, and Jack departed. He travelled on over hills and mountains, until he came to an extensive forest, through which he had to pass. When he had advanced some distance,

he heard the shrieks as of a female in distress. He immediately went towards the spot from whence the sounds came, and was horrified at the sight of a huge giant, dragging after him, by the hair of their heads, a knight and his lady. This was quite enough to rouse Jack's courage. He alighted from his horse, and tied him to a tree. He then put on his invisible coat, and advanced towards the giant. Jack could not reach higher than his knee, but he drew his sharp sword, and with a strong blow severed the giant's legs, and he fell prostrate on the earth, which shook with his fall. Jack then jumped on his neck, and said, "Cruel wretch! I am come to punish you for your crimes." When with one blow of his sword he chopped off his head.

The courteous knight and fair lady rejoiced in their escape, and heartily thanked their deliverer, and requested him to take up his abode in their castle, which was not very far distant. Sir Jack declined the offer, declaring that he would not rest until he had found the monster's dwelling. The knight replied, "I entreat you, brave stranger, not to expose yourself to further danger. This wretch lived under yonder mountain, with a brother more cruel than himself, who will most certainly destroy you if you go near."

"Fear not for me," answered Sir Jack; "were there a dozen, I would encounter them. Tell me where is your

house, and when I have performed my task, it will give me pleasure to visit you."

Jack then mounted his horse, having his invisible coat on his arm, and rode toward the mountain. When he got near, he dismounted; and, putting on his coat, he walked up to the mouth of the cave, where he saw the giant awaiting his brother's return. He was a most hideous monster, with eyes as fierce as a wild boar; huge, rough cheeks, and a long beard, the hairs of which were like wire. Sir Jack walked up to him, and aimed a blow with his sword, which cut off the giant's nose. He jumped from his seat, yelling hideously; but on looking round he could see no one, for Jack was invisible. Sir Jack now jumped upon the giant's seat, and pierced him through the back; on which he gave a deep groan, and died. Sir Jack then cut off his head, and sent it, with that of his brother, to good King Arthur.

Having thus killed these two monsters, Jack entered into the cave, and passed on through several winding passages, until he came to a large room, in which was a boiling cauldron, and a table ready set for the giants to have a meal. He now heard the doleful cries of some captives; and following the sound, he soon came to a dungeon in which there was a number of persons. On seeing Jack, they cried, "Are you come to be one among us in this horrid den?"

"Fear not," said he, "I am come to set you at liberty;

for I have killed the two giants, and sent their heads to King Arthur."

These words made the poor captives shout with joy; for they had fully expected to be murdered, as some of their companions had been. Jack now unlocked the door, and liberated them; then, going into the room where the provisions were, they regaled themselves hastily, and thanked Jack a thousand times for their escape. After the feast, the gallant Sir Jack opened the money-bags in which the giants had deposited their riches, and divided it equally among the company.

Early in the morning they took leave of each other, and returned each to his home; whilst Sir Jack went to the castle of the rescued knight, where he was received with great joy. The good knight assembled all his friends, to give a grand entertainment to his deliverer. When the company arrived, the knight gave a full account of Sir Jack's exploits. He then presented him with a handsome ring, and a small picture representing their deliverance, with these lines beneath :—

"Behold, in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command;
But gain'd our lives and liberty
By valiant Jack's victorious hand."

Among the guests were some whose relatives Jack had released from the dungeon. As soon as they heard that

Jack was the person who had so nobly liberated their friends, they fell at his feet to thank him for his brave deeds. After this the wine circulated freely, whilst they wished health and long life to the gallant Cornishman. The castle then resounded with music, and shook with the merry dancers. But in the midst of this mirth a messenger rushed into the room, to inform the knight that Hundel, a savage giant, with two heads, having heard of the death of his brethren, was coming in great fury to take revenge. This sad news instantly put a stop to all mirth, and a thrill of horror ran through the company. Jack, however, nothing daunted, drew his sword, and said, "Let him come! I have a rod for him too. And if the guests will stand on the battlements of the castle, they shall soon see how I will settle this fellow." To this they readily agreed. Now this castle was surrounded by a moat thirty feet deep, over which went a draw-bridge. Jack now ordered the draw-bridge to be lowered, and set some men to saw it nearly through. Then putting on his invisible coat, and taking his sword, he went against the giant, who said on his approach:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Jack; "you are a very fine fellow."

"Art thou," said the giant, "the villain who killed my kinsmen? If so, I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder."

"Ah, but you must catch me first," replied Jack. Then throwing off his coat, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he ran before the giant, who, the moment he saw Jack run, pursued him swiftly, making the earth shake beneath his heavy tread. Jack led him round the castle, that the guests might have a good view of the monster. He then ran over the draw-bridge, and the giant after him. As soon as he got to the middle of the bridge, the weight of his body snapped it asunder, and he fell headlong into the moat. Jack now turned round, and stood on the edge of the moat, laughing at and deriding the giant. "You told me," said he, "that you would grind my bones to powder; when will you begin?" The giant foamed with rage, but could not get out. Jack then ordered a strong rope to be brought, which he threw over the heads of the giant, and, by the help of horses, drew him to the edge of the moat, and cut off his heads. All the spectators shouted when they saw the giant destroyed; and returning into the banqueting-hall, they lavished their praises on the victorious conqueror, and renewed their festivities until a late hour.

Sir Jack stayed several days with his worthy host, and then set off in search of new adventures. He travelled over hill and dale unmolested, until he came to the foot

of a mountain, where he saw a little hut, at the door of which he knocked. The door was opened by a venerable old man, with a flowing beard and snow-white head. On seeing him, Jack bowed respectfully, and asked if he could lodge a poor traveller. "Yes," replied the hermit, "if you will accept my humble fare." He entered the hut, and the hermit set before him some bread and fruit. Whilst he was eating, the hermit said, "I perceive, my son, that you are the brave Cornishman who has destroyed so many giants: now, at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of a vile magician, gets many knights and ladies into his castle, where he changes them into owls, wolves, vultures, and other beasts. I lament, above all, the hard fate of a duke's daughter, whom they seized as she was walking in her father's garden, and brought hither through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and turned her into a deer. Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment, and deliver her; yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery dragons, who guard the gate of the castle, and destroy all who come near. But you, my son, have an invisible coat—you may pass by them; and on the gates of the castle you will find engraved by what means the enchantment may be broken."

Jack promised that, in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment; and after a sound

sleep, he arose early, put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the attempt. When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery dragons; but he passed them without danger, for they could not see him because of his invisible coat. On the castle-gate he found a golden trumpet, and under it these lines:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

As soon as Jack had read this, he seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open, and the very castle itself tremble. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, soon killed the giant; and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind; and every knight and beautiful lady, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper forms, and the castle vanished. The duke's daughter thanked him on her knees as her deliverer. The head of the giant Galligantus was sent to King Arthur. The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and next day they set out for the court. Jack then went up to the king, and gave his majesty an account of all his fierce battles. Jack's fame had spread through the whole country; and, at the king's

desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and contentment.



SNOWDROP.





SNOWDROP.



IT was in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling around like feathers from heaven, that a certain queen sat working at a window, the frame of which was made of black ebony; and as she kept sewing and gazing upon the snow, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell from it. Then she fixed

her eyes upon the red drops, which looked so beautiful with the white snow, and said, "Would that I had a little daughter as white as that snow, as red as the blood, and as black as the ebony window-frame!" And soon after the queen had a little girl; and as she grew up, her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks as rosy as the blood, and her hair as black as ebony; and she was named Snowdrop.

But this queen died; and the king, a year afterwards, married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud on that account that she could not bear to think that any one could surpass her. She had a magic glass, and when she looked into it, she would say,

"Say, glass, that hangest on the wall,
Who is fairest of beauties all?"

And the glass answered,

"Thou, queen, art fairest of beauties all;"

and then she was pleased, as she believed that the glass told the truth.

But as Snowdrop grew up, she became more and more beautiful; and when she was seven years old, she was as bright as the day, and fairer than the queen herself. One day, when the queen went to look in it as usual, the glass answered,

"Fair and lovely though the queen
Snowdrop's lovelier far, I ween."

When she heard this, she started and turned pale with rage and envy; and from that moment, whenever she saw Snowdrop, she was filled with hatred of her; and this increased so, that she had no rest day or night. One day she called one of her huntsmen to her, and said, "Take Snowdrop away into the wide wood, and kill her; that I may never see her more."

Then the servant led her away. But when he drew out his knife, his heart melted when she begged him to spare her life, and she would run away in the woods, and never come home again. And he said, "Run away then, poor child." So he left her by herself; and though he thought the wild beasts would tear her in pieces, he felt as if a great weight were taken off his heart, when he had made up his mind not to kill her.

Then poor Snowdrop wandered along quite alone through the wood, in great fear; she ran over the sharp-pointed stones and thorns, and the wild beasts roared about her, but none did her any harm. She travelled, also, over some high, wild mountains; and in the evening she came to a small cottage, and went in there to rest herself; for her feet would carry her no further. Every thing was as clean and tidy in the cottage as if it were a palace. On the table was spread a white cloth, and there were seven little plates with seven little loaves, and seven little glasses with wine in them, and knives and forks laid in order; and by the wall stood seven

little beds with snow-white coverlets. Then, as she was very hungry and thirsty, Snowdrop picked a little piece off each loaf, and drank a little wine out of each glass, for she did not like to take the whole of any one's share; and after that she thought she would lie down and rest. So she tried all the little beds; and one was too long, and another was too short, and so on, till at last the seventh suited her; and there she laid herself down, after saying her prayers, and went to sleep.

When it was quite dark, the owners of the cottage came in,—seven little dwarfs, that lived among the mountains, and dug and searched about for gold. They lighted up their seven lamps, and soon saw that some one had been there, as the things had been disturbed. The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who has been picking my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been meddling with my spoon?" The fifth, Who has been handling my fork?" The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has been drinking my wine?" Then the first looked round, and seeing a hollow in his bed, said, "Who has been lying on my bed?" And the rest came running to him, and every one cried out that somebody had been upon his bed. But the seventh saw Snowdrop, and called all his brethren to come and see her; and they cried out with wonder, and brought their lamps to look at her,

and said, "Oh! what a lovely child she is!" And they were delighted to see her, and took care not to wake her; and the seventh dwarf slept an hour with each of the other dwarfs in turn, till the night was gone.

In the morning when Snowdrop awoke, she was frightened to see all the dwarfs; but they spoke kindly to her, and asked her name, and how she had come into their house; and then she told them all about her step-mother and the huntsman. And they pitied her, and said if she would keep all things nicely in order, and cook and wash, and knit and spin for them, she might stay where she was, and they would take good care of her. All this she promised to do. Then they went out all day long to their work, seeking for gold and silver in the mountains; and Snowdrop remained at home to get ready their food by the time they came home at night. And they warned her,—as she was to be all day at home,—and said, "The queen will soon find out where you are, so take care and let no one in."

But the queen, now that she thought Snowdrop was dead, believed that she must be the handsomest lady in the land; and she went to her glass and said,

"Say, glass, that hangest on the wall,
Who is fairest of beauties all?"

And the glass answered,

"Thou art the fairest here, O queen;
But Snowdrop, over the hills, I ween,
Where the dwarfs are,
Is fairer far."

Then the queen was very much frightened; for she knew that the glass always spoke the truth, and was sure that the huntsman had betrayed her. And she could not bear to think that any one lived who was more beautiful than she was; so, after thinking a long while, she painted her face and dressed herself up as an old huckster, and went her way over the hills to the place where the dwarfs dwelt. Then she knocked at the door and cried, "Fine wares to sell, good and cheap!"

Snowdrop looked out at the window, and said, "Good day, good woman; what have you to sell?"

"Good wares, fine wares," said she; laces and bobbins of all colours," showing a pretty one of silk.

"I will let the old lady in; she seems to be a very good honest sort of body," thought Snowdrop; so she ran down and unbolted the door, and bought some of her laces.

"Bless me!" said the old woman, "how badly your stays are laced! Let me lace them up with one of my nice new laces."

Snowdrop did not dream of any mischief; so she stood up before the woman to be laced with her new purchase; but she laced her so dreadfully tight, that Snowdrop lost her breath, and fell down as if dead.

"There's an end to all your beauty," said the spiteful queen; and away she went.

In the evening the seven dwarfs came home; but how

frightened were they to see their dear Snowdrop stretched out upon the ground, as if she were quite dead! However, they lifted her up; and when they found that she was too tight laced, they cut the lace; and in a little time she began to breathe, and soon came to life again. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "This old woman must have been the queen herself; take care another time, and let no one in when we are away."

When the wicked queen got home, she went straight to her glass and spoke to it; but it still said as before,

"Thou art the fairest here, O queen;
But Snowdrop, over the hills, I ween,
Where the dwarfs are,
Is fairer far."

Then her blood ran cold to hear that Snowdrop was still alive; and after thinking on a new scheme, she dressed herself up again as an old woman, but in quite another dress from the one she wore before, and took with her a poisoned comb. When she reached the dwarfs' cottage, she knocked at the door, and cried, "Fine wares to sell, cheap and good!"

But Snowdrop looked out, and said, "I dare not let any one in."

Then the queen said, "Only look at my beautiful combs;" and showed her the poisoned one.

And it looked so pretty that she was foolish enough to

open the door, and to allow the old woman to put it into her hair, as she never dreamt of any mischief; but the moment it touched her head, the poison was so powerful that she fell down as if dead.

"There you may lie," said the queen, and went her way.

But fortunately the dwarfs came in very early that evening; and when they saw Snowdrop lying on the ground, they thought that the wicked step-mother had been, and soon found the poisoned comb. And when they took it away, she got well, and told them all that had passed; and they warned her once more not to open the door to any one.

Meantime the queen went home to her glass, and shook with rage when she heard the very same answer as before; and she said, "Snowdrop shall die, if it cost me my life." So she went by herself into a secret chamber, where no one had access, and got ready a poisoned apple: the outside looked very rosy and tempting, but whoever tasted it was sure to die. Then she painted her face, dressed herself up as a peasant's wife, and travelled over the hills to the dwarfs' cottage, and knocked at the door; but Snowdrop put her head out of the window and said, "I dare not let any one in, for the little men have forbidden me."

"Do as you please," said the old woman; "but at any rate take this pretty apple; I will make you a present of it."

"No," said Snowdrop, "I dare not take it."

"Why, what are you afraid of? do you think it is poisoned? Come! do you eat the red side, and I will eat the white."

Now the apple was so made up that one side was good, though the red side was poisoned. Then Snowdrop was much tempted to taste, for the apple looked so very nice; and when she saw the old woman eat, she could hold out no longer. But she had scarcely put a small piece into her mouth, when she fell down dead upon the ground.

"This time no one will waken you," said the queen; and she went home to her glass and asked again,

"Say, glass, that hangest on the wall,
Who is fairest of beauties all?"

And at last it said,

"Thou, queen, art the fairest of beauties all."

And then her envious heart was happy—as happy as such a heart could be.

When evening came, and the dwarfs got home, they found Snowdrop lying on the ground: no breath came from her lips, and she was apparently dead. They lifted her up, looked if there was anything poisonous about her, unlaced her, combed her hair, and washed her face with wine and water; but all was in vain, for the little girl seemed quite dead. So they laid her down upon a

bier, and all seven watched and wept and bewailed her three whole days; and then they thought they would bury her; but her cheeks were still beautiful and rosy, and her face looked as fresh as it did while she was alive; so they said, "We will never bury her in the cold ground." And they made a coffin of glass, so that they might still see her, and wrote her name upon it, in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. And the coffin was set upon the hill, and one of the dwarfs always sat by it and watched. And the birds came too, and bemoaned Snowdrop: first of all came an owl, and then a raven, and at last a dove.

And thus Snowdrop lay for a long time in the bier without decaying, and still only looked as though she were alive and asleep; for she was even now as white as snow, and as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. At last a prince came into the wood, and called at the dwarfs' house to sleep there all night; and he saw Snowdrop, and read what was written in golden letters. Then he offered the dwarfs any money to let him take her away; but they said, "We will not part with her for all the gold in the world." At last they had pity on him, and gave him the coffin; but when his servants lifted it up to carry it home, they stumbled and shook it so that the piece of poisoned apple fell out of Snowdrop's throat; and she revived and sat up, and said, "Where am I?" And the prince said, "You are with me." Then

he told her all that had happened, and said, "I love you better than all the world: come with me to my father's palace, and you shall be my wife." And Snowdrop consented, and said she would come. So he went home to prepare a feast for her; and the seven kind dwarfs promised to accompany her to the palace. They set off at midnight, and travelled on, till at last they were beyond the mountains and out of the wood. By and by the prince himself met her with his attendants; so the dwarfs went back to their own house across the mountains, after Snowdrop had bidden them farewell, and thanked them for all their kindness. Everything was now prepared to celebrate the wedding with great magnificence and splendour. Among the rest, Snowdrop's old enemy, the queen, was asked to the feast; and as she was dressing herself in fine rich clothes, she stepped before the glass, and said,

"Tell me, glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of beauties all?"

And the glass answered,

"Here, lady, I ween, thou'rt the brightest star;
But the new-crown'd queen is brighter far."

She did not live long after this; but Snowdrop and the prince lived and reigned happily for many years.

In a lonely forest, at deep midnight,
A yawning abyss burst open to sight;
A glittering chariot sprung out with pride,
With raven-black steeds, and a dwarf to guide:
Of gold and crystal that chariot rare;
Oh, the lady therein, how passing fair!
So gently they drove while the stars shone bright,
The glad earth bloom'd at the joyous sight.
'Twas Snowdrop returning, at midnight-hour;
The charm that held her hath lost its power.
The ladye hath risen from her glassy tomb;
The poison's too feeble to work her doom.
Rejoice, O true love! the diadem's won;
What joy thou'lt bring to the emperor's son!



BLANCHE AND ROSALIND.





Blanche and Rosalind.

In a pleasant village, many miles from a great city, there lived a good old woman, who was much beloved by all her neighbours, because she was always ready to assist every one who was in need. Her husband was dead, and left her with two children, who were very handsome. The eldest, from the fairness of her complexion, was named Blanche, and the other Rosalind, because of her ruddy cheeks and coral lips.

One day Mrs. Goodheart,—for that was her name,—sat spinning at her door, and she saw a poor decrepit old woman hobbling by, leaning on a stick. "You seem very much tired, dame," said she to the old woman; "come and sit down here and rest yourself a little:" she then called to her daughters to get a chair. Rosalind ran quickly to fetch one, for she was always ready to help the needy. "Will you please to drink?" said Mrs. Goodheart.

"Thank you," answered the old woman, "I should be glad of a little drink, and something to eat."

"You are welcome to the best I have in my house," said Mrs. Goodheart: "but as I am poor, it is but homely fare."

The elder daughter laid the cloth, whilst the mother went to the cupboard for the bread and cheese; and kind Rosalind ran for a jug of nice milk. As soon as the stranger was seated, the mother ordered Blanche to gather her some of her own fruit.

This very much displeased her, and she went grumbling to the garden, saying, "I am sorry I have saved my plums for this greedy old woman."

She dare not, however, do otherwise than gather them; but when she brought them, she could not conceal her vexation. The mother then said to Rosalind, "I am afraid *your* fruit is not ripe."

She replied, "I am sorry it is not; but I dare say

my hen has given me a new-laid egg, and if so, this good woman shall be welcome to it."

And instantly running off, she speedily returned with the egg; and just as she was about to present it, the old woman transformed herself into an elegant lady, and, turning to the mother, said, "I have long seen your industry, perseverance, and pious resignation, and I am come to reward your daughters according to their merits. The oldest shall be a great queen; the other shall be a farmer's wife."

She then struck the house with her wand, and it was immediately changed into a nice farm, with a well-stocked yard. "This, Rosalind," said she, "is your lot. I know I have given each of you what you like best."

The fairy then disappeared, and left the mother and daughters overcome with surprise. As soon as they had recovered themselves, they examined the house, and were delighted with its neat and snug appearance. The chairs and tables, though made of common wood, shone so brightly, that they could almost see their faces in them. The furniture of the beds was as white as snow.

After examining the house, they went into the yard, and this they found stocked with cows, horses, and poultry. There was also a nice garden full of vegetables and fruit-trees. Rosalind and her mother were highly delighted with this gift of the fairy.

Blanche, however, cared nothing about it, as her head

was full of the thoughts of being queen. Suddenly she heard the huntsman's horn, and curiosity led her to the wicket-gate to see the hounds. It so happened that it was the king hunting with his courtiers. As he rode by he was so struck with the beauty of Blanche, that he resolved to marry her. On his return home he sent for her, and as soon as preparations could be made the wedding took place.

When Blanche became queen she was so overjoyed that she could scarcely sleep. Her thoughts were engrossed with feasts, dances, and fine dresses; and she expected that Rosalind would like to share her grandeur. One day she wrote to invite her to the palace, saying, that she would procure her a rich lord for her husband. Rosalind was, however, too wise to forsake a quiet happy life for the anxieties of a court. She consequently declined her sister's invitation, and replied, that she preferred her life to that of a courtier.

Matters went on very well for a time, and Blanche thought herself the happiest of women. The ladies of the court paid her great homage; but they were jealous to find a peasant girl exalted above themselves; and some of them found means to set the king against her. He now began to treat her with coolness, and the courtiers disregarded her orders, so that poor Blanche became very sorrowful, and wished herself in her sister's house. She had not seen her sister since her marriage



BLANCHE AND ROSALIND.

with the king; for she thought it beneath her dignity to visit a farm-house; but she would now have given all she possessed to be there. The unkindness of the king increased, and poor Blanche became so miserable, and she fretted so much, that her health began to give way. She therefore resolved to ask the king to allow her to go into the country for change of air. The king gladly acceded to this proposal, for he was desirous of getting rid of her. Blanche set off alone to pay a visit to her sister. When she arrived within sight of the house, she saw a large company of country people dancing before the door, and making merry. Rosalind soon saw her sister, and ran to meet her. She kissed her, told her she was rejoiced to see her, and welcomed her to the farm. The poor queen, overpowered with the affection of Rosalind, wept aloud.

She found Rosalind the happiest of women. Her husband was an honest, industrious man, and strove to make her comfortable and happy. The farm produced every thing they needed, such as corn, milk, butter, eggs, meat, and poultry, besides wool, which Rosalind spun into garments. She was beloved by all her neighbours, who frequently visited her; and with whom she spent the time very happily. When the queen saw her sister's happiness, she sighed, and said,—

"Alas, the fairy gave me but a miserable portion when

she made me a queen; happiness is not to be found in grandeur, but in a quiet and contented life."

She had scarcely spoken these words when the fairy appeared.

"In making you a queen," said the fairy, "I did not intend to reward, but to punish you, for giving me your plums with an ill will. To be contented and happy, you must, like your sister, possess only what is necessary, and wish for nothing else."

"Ah, madam!" cried Blanche; "you are sufficiently revenged; pray put an end to my distress."

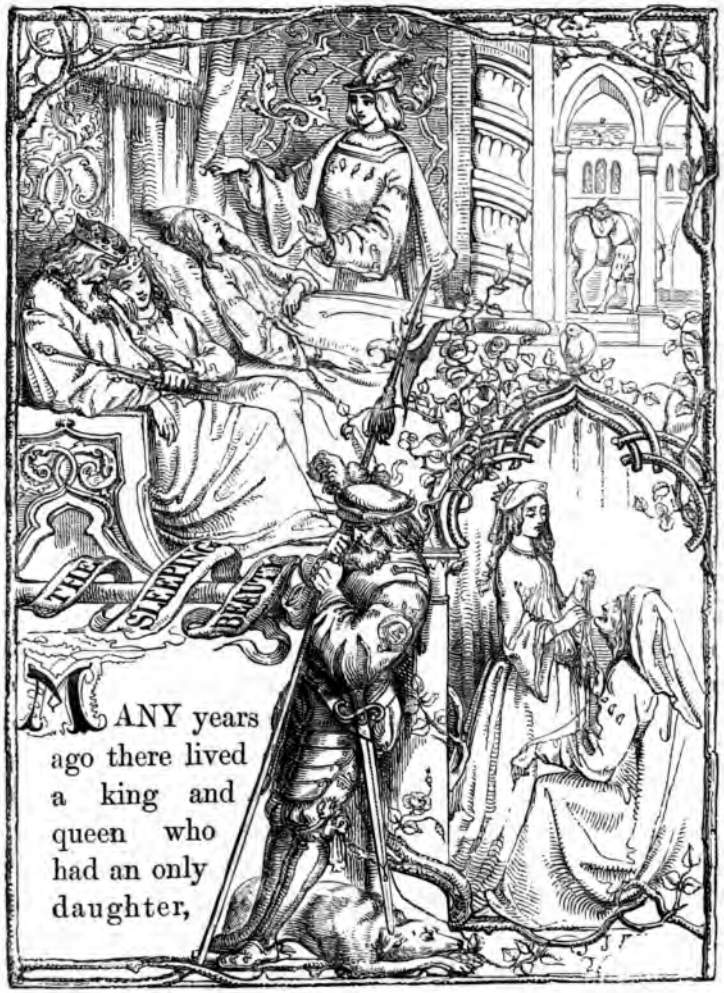
"I have already done it!" said the fairy; "the king, who loves you no longer, has just married another wife; and to-morrow his officers will come to forbid you returning to the palace."

It happened just as the fairy had foretold; and Blanche passed the remainder of her days with her sister Rosalind, in happiness and content; and never wished to go again to court.

THE

SLEEPING BEAUTY.





MANY years ago there lived a king and queen who had an only daughter,

and she was so beautiful that, at her birth, the king knew not what to do for joy, and he appointed a great feast to celebrate it. He invited not only his relations and friends, and his whole court, but also the wise women, in order that they might be kind and bestow favours upon the new-born princess. There were thirteen of these women in his kingdom; but as he had only twelve gold trenchers for them to eat off, he could not invite them all; so one was left out. The twelve who were invited came; and when the feast was over, they began to bestow their wonderful gifts upon the child. One gave her virtue, a second beauty, a third riches, a fourth modesty, and so on with everything that is good and valuable in the whole world. But just as the eleventh had finished bestowing her gift, in came the thirteenth, who had not been invited, and began to threaten vengeance for the affront which the king had put upon her. "The maiden," she said, "when she comes to her fifteenth year, shall pierce her hand with a spindle, and shall fall down dead!" At this the king and queen were grieved beyond measure; but the twelfth fairy, who had not yet bestowed her gift, stepped forward and spoke; she could not indeed, she said, prevent what her sister had determined, but she could mitigate it. "The king's daughter," she continued, "shall not *die*, but she shall fall into a deep sleep, which shall last a hundred years; at the end of which time a king's son shall awaken her: and

when she falls asleep the whole palace will sleep with her."

The king, who was very anxious, if possible, to ward off this misfortune from his dear child, made a proclamation, that every spindle should be sent out of the kingdom, and that none should be seen all over the land until the princess had passed her fifteenth year. In the meantime the wishes of the fairies came to pass, for the maiden grew up so beautiful, so modest, so amiable, and so intelligent, that no one who saw her could help immediately loving her. Now it happened one day, when she was nearly fifteen years old, that the king and queen went from home, and the young princess was left quite alone in the palace. She walked about through all the rooms and passages, and wandered hither and thither as her fancy led her, till at last she came to an old tower. Here she saw a narrow staircase, which she mounted, and then she came to a little door. In the lock of the door there was a rusty key, and when she turned it round the door sprang open, and there she saw, sitting in the corner of a little room, a very old woman, who was busily employed with her spinning-wheel. "Ah! old granny," said the king's daughter, "what are you about there?"—"I am spinning," answered the old woman, and nodded her head to the princess. "How merrily that thing goes round," spoke the maiden,—taking the spindle in her hand at the same time,—"let me try if I can spin too."

But scarcely had she touched the spindle when she pierced her hand with it, and the enchantment took effect. That moment she fell down and sank into a deep sleep. She was then carried to a chamber and laid upon a beautiful couch; and no sooner was this done than the king and queen, and their servants, and the whole court, and everything about the castle, fell asleep likewise. The horses and grooms slept in the court-yard, or in the stalls, the dogs in the kennel, the pigeons on the roof, and the flies on the walls; even the very fire, which flamed upon the hearth, became still and slept; the roast ceased to hiss; and the cook, who had caught the kitchen-girl by the hair to punish her for some fault, let go her hold and fell asleep; and all that had the breath of life was still, and slept.

And now a hedge of thorns began to grow all round the castle, which every year became higher and thicker, until at last it closed in the whole building, and not even the chimney tops could be seen. And the story of the beautiful sleeping Thorn-rose (for thus was the princess named), was told throughout the land, so that from time to time many kings' sons came, and tried to force their way through the hedge into the castle. But it was all in vain; for the boughs kept together as tightly as if they had clasped each other's hands, so that the youths stuck fast among the thorns and could not get out, and after

struggling and tumbling about for a long time, they one by one died.

After many long years had flown by, there came another king's son through the land; and he heard by chance from an old man the story of the thorn-hedge, and the king's sons who had been killed by it. The old man also told him how it was said, that there stood a castle on the other side of the hedge,—and in the castle the beautiful princess, Thorn-rose, slept, and with her the king and queen and the whole household. Then the youth said to him, "The thorn-hedge shall not frighten me. I will force my way through it, for I am resolved to see the beautiful princess, Thorn-rose, if it should cost me my life."

But the day was now at hand when the hundred years were to expire, and the spell to be dissolved. And when the prince approached the hedge, the thorns appeared to his sight only large beautiful flowers, which separated before him of themselves, and allowed him to pass through unhurt; and when he had passed, he saw them close themselves again and stand up like a great wall behind him. He entered the castle, and looked around him with astonishment. In the court-yard were horses with their grooms fast asleep: the pigeons, too, sat sleeping upon the roof, and hid their little heads under their wings. And when he came into the house, he saw the very flies asleep upon the walls; the cook held her hand as if she

would seize the kitchen-girl by the hair, and the maid sat with the black fowl before her which she was going to pluck. He went on farther, and as he went, he saw the guards all asleep at their posts. Then he came into the great hall, and he saw all the courtiers sleeping there. He walked on again, and all was so still that he could hear his own breath; and at last he went up a winding stair, and opened the door of the chamber in which Thorn-rose slept, and not far from where she lay were the king and queen themselves. He went near to the princess, and as she lay there, all still and motionless, she looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; at last he stooped down and gave her a kiss. As soon as he had touched her cheek, Thorn-rose opened her eyes, woke up, and looked round her with a friendly smile. Then she arose, and the prince and she went down the stair together. And now the king and queen, and the whole court, awoke, and rubbed their eyes and looked with wonder at each other. The horses also awoke, and neighed and shook themselves; the greyhounds sprang to their feet and wagged their tails; the doves, on the housetop, drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew away into the meadow; the flies on the wall began to creep along; the fire in the kitchen flickered and flamed up; the roast began to hiss; the old cook gave the kitchen-girl a box on the ear, that made her scream; the maid, too, was seen busily pluck-

ing away at the fowl. To crown the whole, the wedding of Thorn-rose and the king's son was celebrated with great feasting and rejoicings; and they lived in peace and happiness all their days.





THE

INVISIBLE PRINCE.





THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.



ONCE on a time there was a King who had an only son, named Furibon. He was dwarfish in stature, and of a malicious disposition; and although the King his father was sensible of his son's defects, yet the Queen, in her excessive fondness, could see no fault whatever in him: the surest way to win her favour, was to praise him for

virtues he did not possess. When he came of age to have a governor, the King chose a prince who was next in succession to the crown. This prince had a son, who was as amiable and agreeable as he was handsome: his name was Leander. He was the companion of Furibon, and his virtues made the vices of the latter appear more hideous. "You are very happy," said he, looking on him with a malicious eye; "everybody is lavish in their praises of you; but not one of them has a good word for me."—"Sir," replied Leander modestly, "the respect they have for you restrains them from being familiar."—"It is well for them that it does," said Furibon, "for otherwise I should punish them well, to teach them their duty."

One day, when certain ambassadors arrived from a distant country, Furibon and Leander stood in a gallery to see them pass by; but when the ambassadors saw Leander, they approached him with profound reverence, supposing him to be the King's son. As for Furibon, he looked so ill-tempered that they turned their backs upon him, and left him unnoticed. Leander was extremely vexed; he told them it was the King's son; but they understood not what he said; and the interpreter was gone to wait their appearance before the King. Leander, finding he could not make them understand him, redoubled his attentions to Furibon: but the ambassadors and their attendants, thinking he was in jest, laughed at Furibon's anger, and at last, taking him for a dwarf, they

began to amuse themselves by playing tricks upon him. This so enraged Furibon, that he drew his sword, and was about to thrust it through the ambassadors, when the King came to meet them. He was greatly surprised at his son's behaviour, and begged them to excuse any insult that had been offered them. They replied, the matter was of no consequence; for they perceived the little fellow was of a bad disposition. The King was greatly chagrined to find that his son's form, and still more his ill-humours, had made such an impression upon the strangers.

When they were gone, Furibon seized Leander by the hair, plucked off two or three handfuls, and forbade him ever to appear again in his presence. Leander's father, offended with Furibon's behaviour towards his son, sent him to a castle of his in the country, where he always found himself employment. He passed much of his time in hunting, fishing, and walking: he understood painting, read much, and played upon several instruments. His days passed so happily, that he was glad to have escaped the bad tempers of Furibon. One day, he was walking in the garden, and finding the heat oppressive, he retired into a grove, where the thick shade afforded him a cool retreat. Whilst here he began to play upon his flute, when he felt something wind itself about his leg. On looking to see what it was, he was surprised to find a snake, which he immediately seized by the head, and was

about to kill; but the snake wound round his arm, and looking steadfastly in his face, seemed to beg his compassion. At this instant one of the gardeners came to the place where Leander was, and seeing the snake, he cried out to his master, "Kill it, sir: it is the most mischievous creature in the world; he spoils all our walks." Leander looked again upon the snake, which was speckled with a thousand beautiful colours, and perceived the poor creature still looking upon him, as if imploring compassion. "Though you have such a mind to kill it," said he to the gardener, "yet, as it has come to me for refuge, I forbid you to do it any harm, for I will keep it, and when it has cast its beautiful skin, I will let it go." He then returned to the palace, and carrying the snake with him, put it into a large chamber, and ordered it to be fed with milk and bread. Leander went sometimes to see it, and, as soon as he entered the room, it came up to him, and showed signs of gratitude, which greatly surprised him, though he took no farther notice of it.

All the ladies of the court were extremely troubled at Leander's absence, and they were constantly talking about him. "Alas!" they said, "there is no pleasure at court now Leander is gone; and it is all through the wicked Furibon that he is not here!" Furibon had his companions, who told him what the ladies said, which greatly enraged him; and in his passion he flew to the Queen's chamber, and vowed he would kill himself before

her face, if she did not find means to destroy Leander. The Queen, who also hated Leander, because he was better and handsomer than her son, replied, that she had long looked upon him as a traitor, and, therefore, willingly consented to his death. She advised Furibon to go hunting with some of his confidants, and to invite Leander to accompany him; and then to take revenge on him. Accordingly Furibon went hunting; and Leander, when he heard the horns and the hounds, mounted his horse and rode to see who it was: he was surprised to find that it was the Prince. Leander immediately alighted, and saluted him with respect. Furibon received him more graciously than usual, and asked him to follow him. After riding some distance, Furibon suddenly turned his horse, and rode another way, making a sign to the ruffians to take the first opportunity to kill him; but before he had got out of sight, a ferocious lion of prodigious size sprang upon Furibon. His followers fled for safety, and Leander alone remained to combat this furious animal. He attacked him, sword in hand, at the hazard of his own life, and by his valour and agility saved the life of his most cruel enemy. Furibon had swooned from fear, so that Leander was forced to lend him assistance, and help him to remount. This ungrateful monster did not even thank Leander for his generous services; but immediately rode after his slaves to command them to kill Leander. They returned quickly and surrounded him,

and but for his courage he would certainly have been murdered. He stood with his back to a tree, to prevent them attacking him behind, and behaved with so much bravery, that he laid them all dead at his feet. When Furibon supposed him to be slain, he hastened to satiate his eyes with the sight; but he saw Leander alive, and all his ruffians destroyed. When Leander saw him, he advanced to meet him, with submissive reverence; but Furibon exclaimed, "You are an insolent villain! and if ever you come into my presence again, you shall surely die."

Leander made no reply, but retired, sad and pensive, to his own home, where he spent the night in pondering what was best for him to do. He knew it was impossible to screen himself from the malice of the King's son; and he therefore resolved to travel. Before departing, he recollected his snake, and calling for some milk, he carried it to the poor creature, intending to let it escape; but, on opening the door, he was surprised to see a lady, whose noble and majestic air convinced him that she was a princess of royal birth. She was dressed in purple satin, embroidered with pearls and diamonds. Advancing towards Leander with a gracious smile, she said, "Young Prince, the snake which you brought hither has disappeared, but you find me in its place to requite your generosity; I am the fairy Gentilla, famous for the feats of mirth and dexterity which I can perform. We fairies

of the race to which I belong live a hundred years in flourishing youth, without diseases, trouble, or pain; and at the expiration of this term we become snakes for eight days. This is the only time which may prove fatal to us; for then it is not in our power to prevent any misfortune that may befall us; but at the end of eight days, we resume our usual form, and recover our beauty, power, and riches. You will perceive, therefore, how deeply I am indebted to you; and I am now ready to serve you to the utmost of my power."

The young Prince, who had never before conversed with a fairy, was so surprised that he was a long time before he could speak. But at length, bowing respectfully, "Madam," said he, "I am happy to have had the honour of serving you."—"I should be sorry," replied she, "not to make you some return: it is in my power to make you a great king, to bestow upon you great riches, or to enable you to become invisible."—"Oh, madam!" cried Leander, "give me the power of becoming invisible: I am going to travel in privacy, and prefer this above all the other advantages you have offered me." Gentilla thereupon touched him with her wand, and then presented him with a red cap with a plume of feathers, saying, "When you put on this cap, you shall be invisible; but when you take it off, you shall again become visible. You can at the same time transport yourself wherever you wish." Leander, overjoyed, put on his red cap, and

wished himself in the forest, that he might gather some wild roses which he had observed there; and immediately he passed through the window, and arriving in safety at the rose-bushes, he plucked two roses, and returned immediately to the fairy, and presented them to her, rejoicing in his newly-acquired power. But the fairy bade him keep the roses, telling him that one would supply him with money whenever he wanted it; and that the second would preserve him from sickness. She then wished him success in his travels, and disappeared.

Leander having arranged his affairs, mounted the finest horse in the stable, and, attended by some of his servants in livery, set out for the court. Now Furibon, on his return from hunting, reported that Leander had killed all his attendants, and would have murdered him also, had he not displayed great bravery. He demanded of his mother, therefore, that Leander should be seized and executed. The Queen, always ready to believe Furibon, and to grant his requests, went at once to the King. Furibon, impatient to know what passed, applied his ear to the keyhole. At that moment Leander entered the hall of the palace with his red cap upon his head, which rendered him invisible: and perceiving Furibon listening at the door of the King's chamber, he took a nail and a hammer, and nailed his ear to the door. Furibon cried out with pain. The Queen, hearing his cries, ran and opened the door, and pulling it hastily, tore

his ear. The Queen, distracted with grief, set him in her lap, and caressed him; but the invisible Leander, seizing a handful of twigs, gave the Queen several strokes on her hands, and her son as many on the face; upon which the Queen cried out, "Murder! murder!" The cries of the Queen soon brought the King and all his courtiers: but as nothing was to be seen, some said that the Queen was mad on account of the loss of her son's ear. The King, believing it to be the case, avoided her, and left the room. Leander, then leaving the chamber, went into the garden, and after pulling off his cap, began to pluck the Queen's cherries, apricots, and strawberries, and to pull her flowers by handfuls. The gardeners, amazed at his audacities, came and told their majesties that Prince Leander was destroying all the fruit and flowers in the Queen's garden. "What insolence!" said the Queen: then turning to Furibon, "Forget the pain of thy ear for a moment," said she, "and fetch that vile wretch hither; tell the guards to seize him, and punish him as he deserves." Furibon, encouraged by his mother, entered the garden attended by a number of soldiers, and seeing Leander under a tree, they ran to seize him, but he put on his cap and disappeared: whilst invisible, he seized Furibon and tied his legs with a cord, so that he fell on his face on the gravel, and bruised himself sadly.

Leander, satisfied with inflicting this punishment, returned to his servants, who waited for him, and, giving

them money, sent them back to his castle, that none might know the secret of his red cap and roses. He then mounted his fine horse, and laying the reins upon his neck, let him go whither he would; at length he arrived at a forest, where he stopped to shelter himself from the extreme heat. He had not been long there before he heard loud lamentations, and, on turning round, he beheld a man crying, tearing his hair, and beating his breast, like a madman. He was young and handsome: his garments had been magnificent, but they were very much torn. The Prince, moved with compassion, mildly accosted him: "Sir," said he, "you appear to be in great trouble; can I render you any assistance?"—"Oh, sir," answered the young man, "nothing can remedy my miseries; this day my dear lady is to be sacrificed to an old jealous barbarian, who has a great estate, but who will make her the most miserable person in the world."—"Where is she?" asked Leander.—"In a castle at the end of this forest," replied he.—"Very well," said Leander, "stay here till I come again, and in a little time I will bring you good news." He then put on his red cap, and wished himself in the castle. When he arrived, the castle resounded with all kinds of music. He entered a large room, where the friends and kindred of both parties were assembled. The young lady was lovely and amiable; but her pale face, sorrowful countenance, and the tears in her eyes, showed the troubles of her heart.

Leander, placing himself in a corner of the room, that he might discover who the persons were, soon perceived the father and mother of the lady, privately chiding her for not appearing cheerful and happy as a bride. Leander placed himself behind the mother's chair, and whispered in her ear: "If you compel your daughter to marry that old fellow, before eight days are ended you shall be punished with death." The woman, terrified at these words, and seeing no person near her, gave a loud shriek, and fell upon the floor. Her husband, in great alarm, asked what was the matter: she cried, that she was to die if the marriage of her daughter took place, and, therefore, she would not consent to it for all the world. Her husband laughed at her weakness; but the invisible Leander accosting him, said, "You incredulous man! believe your wife, or you, too, shall suffer: break off this match, and bestow her on the person whom she loves." These extraordinary occurrences so alarmed all the parties, that the arrangements for the marriage were at once set aside. The distracted lover was then sought for, and was brought to the castle, where Leander waited his arrival. He was overjoyed at this happy and unexpected change; and the entertainment prepared for the nuptials of the old man served for those of this happy pair. Leander now took off his cap, and appeared at the door. The bridegroom immediately recognised him as his benefactor,

and was about to thank him for his kind services, when Leander disappeared.

He then pursued his journey, and on entering an extensive forest, he heard a female voice calling for help. He rode toward the spot, and saw four armed men carrying away a young lady, upon which he hastened to her rescue, and commanded the men to relinquish their hold. The ringleader told him to mind his own business, and not interfere with them. Leander again boldly demanded her release; at which they laughed, and said, "You had better rescue her from our hands." The Prince jumped quickly from his horse, and put on his red cap. The young lady continued her cries and complaints: "Oh, my dear Princess," said she, "how happy was I in your palace! How is it possible for me to live without your company? Did you know my sad misfortune, you would send to rescue poor Apricotina." Leander without delay seized the ruffian who held her, and bound him fast to a tree, before he had time to help himself. He then seized the second by both arms, and bound him in the same manner to another tree. In the mean time Apricotina fled as fast as she could; but her fear was so great that she knew not where she went. The other two ruffians, alarmed at the strange fate of their companions, ran off without attempting to rescue them.

Leander now mounted his horse to seek after the fair lady, and soon overtook her. On seeing the horse ap-

proach her, ready saddled and bridled, and without a rider, (for she could not see Leander with his invisible cap on,) Apricotina said, "I will mount this pretty horse, which will carry me safely to the palace of pleasure." She had no sooner mounted the horse than Leander clasped her in his arms. This embrace of an invisible being so terrified her, that she shrieked aloud. The Prince then became visible, and said, "Fear not, fair lady, I am the person who delivered you from those ruffians." Apricotina immediately recognised him, and thanked him for his goodness.

He then asked her where she came from, and how she had fallen into the hands of those men. "Sir," replied she, "I will relate to you the whole affair, for I owe you a debt of gratitude as my deliverer.

"There was a powerful fairy," continued she, "who married a prince that soon after fell sick and died; on which she retired with her daughter to the Island of Pleasure. This princess is most beautiful, and has many lovers: among them is one named Furibon, whom she detests. Those ruffians, from whom you rescued me, were sent by him to seize my mistress; they, however, mistook me for her, and, but for your timely aid, would certainly have carried me away. The Princess has been taught to hate men; and no one can gain access to this island. I am one of her maidens, and had imprudently ventured out of the island in search of her parrot, which

had flown away, when I was seized as you saw. Many thanks, noble Prince, for your valour." Leander asked if he could not obtain admission into the island. Apricotina assured him this was impossible. While they were thus conversing, they came to the bank of a large river. Apricotina then alighted, and again thanked the Prince for his services. The Prince now jumped from his saddle, and tied the horse to a tree; then putting on his little cap, wished himself in the Island of Pleasure, and the same instant he found himself in the most beautiful place he had ever seen.

There was a palace of pure gold, with pillars of crystal and precious stones. He entered into the palace, and saw on every side objects so wonderful and beautiful, that he could not take his eyes off them. In some of the rooms there was the most beautiful china: in others the walls were of porcelain, so very fine, that they appeared quite transparent. Coral, jasper, agates, and cornelians, beautified the rooms of state, and the Princess's presence-chamber appeared as one entire mirror. The throne was one single pearl, whereon she sat, surrounded by her maids-of-honour, whose dress glittered with rubies and diamonds. The beauty of the Princess eclipsed all the splendour which was around her; and Leander gazed on her with surprise. At this moment Apricotina entered the room, and falling at her mistress's feet, gave her a full account of what had befallen her, and described the

Prince who had rescued her as the best and handsomest of men.

"I should have hated all men," added she, "had I not seen him! Oh, madam, he is a noble prince!" The Princess then asked Apricotina many questions concerning the Prince; whether she knew his name, his country, his birth, from whence he came, and whither he was going; and after this she fell into deep thought. After a time the Princess arose, and went to another apartment, in which was set a sumptuous repast.

The magnificence of the room, the splendour of the entertainment, the beauty of the Princess, and the sweet sounds of the music, quite fascinated Leander. He seated himself, and partook of the richest delicacies, unseen by any one.

At the conclusion of the repast, the Princess retired to a room, attended by Apricotina alone; but Leander was there as soon as they. The Princess, believing herself alone with her confidant, said, "Apricotina, tell me truly, did you exaggerate in your description of the unknown prince? Surely it is impossible he should be so noble and handsome?"—"Madam," replied she, "my description falls short of the reality." The Princess sighed, and remained silent for some time; then resuming her speech, "I am glad," said she, "you did not bring him with you."—"But, madam," answered Apricotina, who was a wise girl, and already penetrated her mistress's thoughts,

"suppose he had come to admire the wonders of these beautiful mansions, what harm could he have done us? Will you always live concealed from the rest of humankind? Of what use is all your grandeur and pomp, if you possess it alone?"—"Hold thy peace," replied the Princess. Apricotina durst make no reply. The Princess was silent and thoughtful during the whole evening, and seemed but little interested by the various diversions which were going on around. When the night was far advanced, the inmates of the palace retired to rest. Leander, delighted to find the report of himself had made some impression on the lovely Princess, slept soundly in an unoccupied apartment. He arose early in the morning, and finding some brushes and colours in the room, he sat down and painted his own likeness: when it was finished, he put it on the toilet of the Princess. On entering in the morning, she was greatly surprised to see a portrait, and turning to Apricotina, she inquired who placed it there. Apricotina replied, "Indeed, I know not, but it is the exact image of the prince who rescued me." The Princess ordered it to be placed where she could frequently see it, and seemed to take great pleasure in looking at it from time to time.

In the mean time, Furibon, still enamoured of the Princess, whom he had never seen, expected with impatience the return of the four men whom he had sent to the Island of Pleasure. One of them at last came back,

and after he had given the Prince a particular account of what had passed, told him that the island was defended by Amazons, and that unless he sent a very powerful army, it would be impossible to get into it. The King his father was dead, and he now lord of all: disdaining, therefore, any repulse, he raised an army of four hundred thousand men, and put himself at the head of them, on a war-horse. Now, when the Amazons perceived his mighty host, they gave the Princess notice of it, who immediately despatched her trusty Apricotina to the kingdom of the fairies, to beg her mother's instructions what she should do to drive the hateful Furibon from her territories. But Apricotina found the fairy in an angry humour. "Nothing that my daughter does," said she, "escapes my knowledge: I know that the Prince Leander is now in her palace, and that he loves her, and that she has a tenderness for him. All my cares and precepts have not been able to guard her from the tyranny of Love, and she is now under his fatal dominion. Apricotina, begone: say not a word more of a daughter, whose behaviour has so much displeased me."

Apricotina returned with these bad tidings, at which the Princess was almost distracted; and this was soon perceived by Leander, who was near her, though she did not see him, and beheld her grief with the greatest pain. However, he durst not then open his lips; but recollecting that Furibon was exceedingly covetous, he thought

that, by giving him a sum of money, he might, perhaps, prevail with him to retire. Thereupon, he dressed himself like an Amazon, and wished himself in the forest, to catch his horse. He had no sooner called him, than he came leaping, prancing, and neighing for joy, for he was grown quite weary of being so long absent from his master; but when he beheld him dressed as a woman, he hardly knew him, and at first thought himself deceived: but Leander mounted him, and soon arrived in the camp of Furibon, where every body took him for a real Amazon, and gave notice to Furibon, that a lady was come to speak with him from the Princess of the Island of Pleasure. Immediately the dwarf king put on his royal robes, and placed himself upon his throne.

Leander addressed him, and told him that the Princess, preferring a quiet and peaceable life to the fatigues of war, had sent him to offer his majesty as much money as he pleased to demand, provided he would suffer her to continue in peace; but if he refused her proposal, she would omit no means that might serve for her defence. Furibon replied, that he took pity on her, and would grant her the honour of his protection; but that he demanded a hundred thousand bags of gold, and without that sum paid, he would not return to his kingdom. Leander answered, that if he would say how many rooms'-full he desired to have, the Princess was generous and rich enough to satisfy him. Furibon was astonished

to hear that, instead of demanding an abatement, she would rather offer an augmentation; and it came into his wicked mind to take all the money he could get, and then seize the Amazon, and kill her, that she might not return to her mistress. He told Leander, therefore, that he would have thirty chambers of gold, and that then, upon his royal word, he would return. Leander, being conducted into the chambers that were to be filled, took his rose and shook it, till every room was filled with all sorts of gold coin. Furibon was in an ecstasy, and the more gold he saw, the greater was his desire to seize the Amazon, and get the Princess into his power; so that when all the rooms were full, he commanded his guards to seize and kill her, alleging she had brought him counterfeit money. Accordingly, the guards were going to lay hands upon the Amazon; but Leander put on his little red cap, and disappeared. The guards, believing she had escaped, ran out and left Furibon alone; when Leander, availing himself of the opportunity, drew his sword, and cut off his head in a moment; nor did the wicked King see the hand that killed him.

Leander, upon this, wished himself in the palace, where he found the Princess walking, and with grief considering the message which her mother had sent her, and on the means of repelling Furibon. He immediately laid a billet on the table before her with these words—

"Charming Princess cease your dread,
For Furibon your foe lies dead."

The Princess was surprised and overjoyed to hear the intelligence of her persecutor's death. Leander then took his departure, intending to return as soon as the commotion in Furibon's army, where the report of his death was already spread throughout the camp, had subsided. As soon as Leander appeared there in his usual habit and countenance, every body came about him; all the officers and soldiers surrounded him, uttering the loudest acclamations of joy. In short, they acknowledged him for their king, and that the crown of right belonged to him; for which he thanked them, and, as the first mark of his royal bounty, divided the thirty rooms of gold among the soldiers; so that this great army was enriched for ever. This done, he returned to the Princess, ordering the army to march back into his kingdom.

The Princess had gone to her chamber; he retired, therefore, to an unoccupied room; but, by accident, forgetting to put on his invisible cap, he fell into a profound sleep. Whilst in this state, the Princess entered alone in the morning: she started back with surprise on seeing a man in her palace; but recognising the features of the portrait, she drew near the Prince, and was astonished at his handsome face and figure.

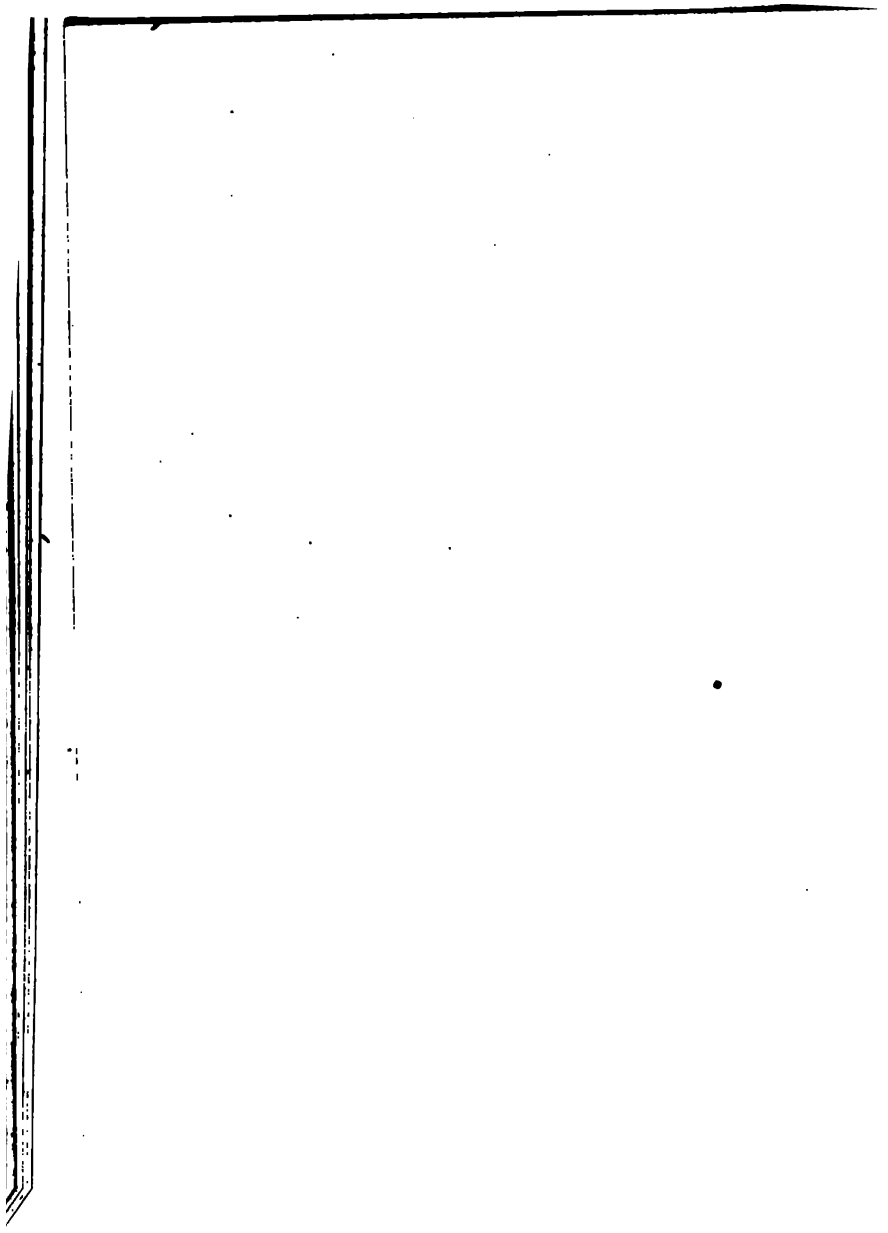
At this moment her mother, the fairy, entered, and seizing her by the hair, was about to drag her from the apartment, when Leander awoke. Seeing the wretched condition of the Princess, and fearing the wrath of the

fairy, he threw himself at her feet, and besought her to have compassion on them. The fairy Gentilla also appeared, who had formerly rendered the elder one a great service. At their united entreaties, the old fairy mother consented to the marriage of the Princess with Leander. The nuptials were celebrated with great joy, and Leander returned to the kingdom. As soon as he appeared, the people unanimously welcomed him as their sovereign, and he and the Princess reigned, for many years, over an affectionate and loyal people.



THE WHITE CAT.







THE WHITE CAT.



THE WHITE CAT

THERE once lived a king who had three sons. They were handsome, brave, and noble, and were beloved by all the people. Among the courtiers were some wicked men who, envious of the popularity of the young princes, tried to prejudice the king, their father, against them. In order

more effectually to accomplish their base design, they raised a false report that the princes were secretly plotting to deprive him of his kingdom. The king, believing this artful tale, resolved to frustrate the fancied design of his sons, by sending them away on some distant and difficult errand, which would leave him to pass the rest of his days in peace. For although the king was very old, he had no desire to relinquish his power. He sent for his sons to his closet, and after conversing with them kindly, he said: "You must be aware, my dear children, that my age prevents me from attending so closely as I have done, to the affairs of my kingdom. I must one day place the crown on the head of one of you; but I require you to procure me some amusement in my old age, before I retire. I think that a handsome, faithful, engaging little dog would be a great source of amusement to me; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare, that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor." The princes were much surprised at this request of their father; they however said nothing, but agreed to the proposal. The king presented them with abundance of money for their journey, and fixed that day twelvemonth for their return; they then took leave of the king and set off on their travels.

Before parting from each other, the three princes met a short way from the city, in an old palace, and here

they agreed to meet on their return, at the expiration of a year, and go all together to court with their presents.

Each took a different road; but what happened to the two elder ones we cannot tell, and must therefore content ourselves with relating the adventures of the youngest, who was one of the most handsome, amiable, and accomplished of princes. As he travelled from place to place, he bought all the beautiful dogs that fell in his way; and as soon as he saw one that was handsomer than that he had, he purchased it, and gave the other away. At length, after travelling a long way, he found himself in a very thick forest; night came on, and with it a terrible storm: he lost his path, and could find no way out of the wood. After walking a long time, he at last saw a light, from which he supposed that some house was near. He hastened towards it, and after some time found himself at the entrance of a most magnificent palace. The door was made of gold, covered with precious stones, which cast a great brightness around: this was the light the prince had seen afar off. The walls of the building were of transparent porcelain, beautifully coloured, and on them were represented all the remarkable histories in the world. After surveying the palace, the prince returned to the door, and espied a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds; he was astonished at the magnificence he beheld, and the security in which the inhabitants seemed to live. He then pulled the chain, and heard a bell,

which resounded most musically. The door was opened; but he saw only twelve hands, each holding a torch. The prince was so astonished that he was afraid to move; but, feeling himself gently pushed on by some invisible hands behind him, he walked on, in great surprise, till he entered a hall inlaid with porphyry, where a melodious voice sang the following words :—

"Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Peace and joy attend you here."

The prince, wondering at what he heard, advanced with confidence, the hands still moving him forward towards a large door of coral, which opened of itself into a splendid apartment of mother-of-pearl, through which he passed into other rooms, so richly adorned with paintings and jewels, and so brilliantly lighted with lamps and lustres, that the prince concluded that it must be a fairy palace. When he had passed through many apartments, all equally magnificent, he was stopped, and a large chair was seen to advance towards him. The hands now began to remove his wet clothes, and to supply him with the most sumptuous apparel, embroidered with gold and enriched all over with pearls. They next brought him an elegant toilet, and combed his hair so very gently, that he scarcely felt their touch. They held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumed water for him to wash with. When his toilet was finished,

they led him to another apartment, most magnificently fitted up. There was in it a table ready prepared for a repast, and all the dishes upon it were of pure gold. The prince was not sorry to see all this, as he was now faint and hungry after his long wanderings. He observed that covers were set for two persons, and was wondering who was to be his companion at table, when a small figure, not a foot high, entered the room, and advanced towards him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides: they were followed by a numerous train of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others traps full of mice.

The prince was astonished at this sight, and knew not what to think. The chief figure now approached, and, on throwing aside her veil, he beheld a most beautiful White Cat. Addressing herself to the prince, she said, "Prince, you are welcome; your arrival affords me infinite pleasure."—"Madam," replied the prince, "I would fain thank you for your kindness towards me since my arrival in your magnificent palace. I cannot be too highly pleased with my reception." The prince was more than ever astonished when he heard the White Cat speak; and he felt assured that all he saw was the effect of enchantment. The hands now placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and the White Cat seated themselves. The first dish was a fricassee made of mice!

the sight of which so disgusted the prince, that he had no longer any appetite. The White Cat, however, who guessed his thoughts, assured him that there were dishes which had been prepared expressly for him; upon which he at last ate very heartily. When supper was over, the prince perceived a portrait, set in gold, hanging round the White Cat's neck. He begged permission to look at it: judge his surprise when he saw the portrait of a handsome young man, strangely resembling himself! He thought there was something very wonderful in all this; yet, as the White Cat sighed and looked very melancholy, he did not venture to ask any questions. They conversed freely, and the prince was surprised at her intelligence and knowledge of the world. When night was far advanced, she wished him a good night, and he was conducted to his bed-chamber, which was different still from anything he had seen in the palace, being hung with curtains of the finest texture, mixed with the most curious feathers. The hangings of his bed were of gauze, festooned with bunches of the gayest ribands; and the walls were covered with mirrors.

The prince was too excited with his adventures to sleep much, and he rose early. Breakfast was ready, of which he partook with the White Cat. She then informed the prince that it was a grand hunting-day, and politely asked him to accompany her. She then led him to a window which overlooked the court-yard, where he saw

a large number of cats busily preparing for the field. They now descended into the court; and the prince was mounted on a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, and which the White Cat assured him was very swift. The White Cat mounted a monkey, dressed in a feathered cap.

Everything being ready, the horns sounded, and away they went. The day was most agreeable, for they had abundance of game. When the hunting was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; and the White Cat changed her dress, and sat down to dinner with the prince, who, being very hungry, ate heartily. After dinner, the most costly wines and the most delicious fruits were set before them, and they passed the evening in agreeable conversation. Fresh amusements were prepared daily for the prince, and the time passed so delightfully, that he quite forgot his father's court and the little dog he had set out to seek. At last the White Cat reminded him that he had but three days to look for the dog, and to return to his father's kingdom. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began to be troubled; when the Cat told him not to be so sorrowful, as she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with the wooden horse, which would convey him safely in less than twelve hours. "Look here," said she, showing him an acorn, "this contains what you desire." The prince thought she was jesting. She then begged him to put the acorn to his ear; which he did, when he

heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked her a thousand times; and the next day, bidding her farewell, he set out for his father's kingdom.

The prince arrived first at the place of meeting, and was soon joined by his brothers: they embraced each other, and began to give an account of their success. The youngest showed them, however, only a little mongrel cur, telling them that he hoped it would please the king. The brothers thought to themselves, we have not much to fear from this ugly animal. The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and covered with silken quilts. The youngest produced his dirty cur, and all wondered how the prince could hope to receive a crown for such a present. The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equal, that he knew not to which he could with justice give the preference. They then began to dispute; when the youngest prince presented his acorn, and soon settled the dispute; for on opening it a little dog appeared of exquisite beauty, and so small that it could with ease go through the smallest ring. The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction; yet, as he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, he devised another occupation for his sons. He thanked them for their diligence, and begged that they would procure him a piece of cambric so fine,

that it could be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest mounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of the friendly Cat, who received him with the greatest joy, while the hands helped him to dismount, and provided him with immediate refreshment. The prince then gave the White Cat an account of all that had passed, and informed her of the new command of his father. "Make yourself quite easy, my dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats that are very clever in making such cambrics as the king requires! In the meantime we will pass our days in pleasure, until the time arrives for you to depart." The prince was delighted with the beautiful Cat, and another year passed away insensibly; the Cat, however, reminded the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank." On looking into the court-yard, he saw a superb car, ornamented with gold, silver, and diamonds, drawn by twelve white horses, and harnessed in the most costly manner; and behind the car were guards, richly dressed, to attend on the prince's person. She then presented him with a walnut. "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you: do not break

the shell till you are in the presence of the king, your father." She then bade him adieu. The snow-white horses speedily conveyed the prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had arrived just before him. The three princes now hastened to display their presents. The eldest produced a piece of cambric, so fine that every one supposed he would certainly obtain the crown; but when the king tried to draw it through the eye of the needle, it would not quite pass. Then the second prince presented his cambric; but, alas! with no better success; for though his piece was also exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. The youngest prince then advanced, and opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, he took out a walnut, and cracked the shell, expecting immediately to see his piece of cambric; but he found nothing but a filbert! He then cracked the filbert, and found a cherry-stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, and the princes his brothers, smiled to think he should be so silly as to claim the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet seed. He was now quite confounded, and could not help saying to himself, "O White Cat, thou hast now deceived me!" Determined, however, to persevere, he again took courage,

and opening the grain of millet seed, he drew forth, to the astonishment of all present, a piece of cambric many yards long, and fine enough to be drawn with perfect ease through the eye of the needle. When the king saw this, he sighed deeply, and it was easy to be seen that he was sorry for the young prince's success. "My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his children's love and obedience, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. You must undertake another expedition; and whichever, by the end of a year, brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her, and obtain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of each other, and in a few hours the young prince arrived in his splendid car at the palace of his beloved White Cat. Things went on as before till the end of another year, when the White Cat said to him: "To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience, as well as decide your own fortune. It depends on yourself whether you will conduct thither one of the most beautiful of princesses. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."—"I!" said the prince hastily, "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my regard for you, beautiful Cat." "Generous prince," said she, "I do not doubt your

regard; but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to my request, and you will render me a service I shall never be able to repay." The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, for he felt himself compelled, unwillingly, to undertake the dreadful task. The Cat continued earnestly to press him; with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. He had no sooner done this, than the most beautiful lady he had ever seen stood before him. This so astonished the prince that he could not speak to her; a long train of attendants, who, at the same moment as their mistress, were also changed to their natural forms, came to offer their congratulations to the queen, and enquire her commands. She received them with the greatest joy; then ordering them to withdraw, she thus addressed the astonished prince: "Dear prince, my father was monarch of six kingdoms! he tenderly loved my mother, and always allowed her to follow her own inclinations. She had a great desire to travel; and, having heard a short time before my birth, of some fairies who were in possession of the largest gardens, filled with the most delicious fruits, she had such a desire to see them and to eat some of the fruits, that she set out for the country where they lived. She arrived at a magnificent palace, glittering on all sides with gold and precious stones. She knocked a long time at the gates; but no one came, neither could

she perceive the least sign of any inhabitant. The palace was surrounded by such high walls that it was impossible to get the fruit: this difficulty, however, only increased her desire; for she saw the tops of the trees above the garden walls, loaded with the richest fruits. The queen ordered her attendants to place tents close to the door of the palace; but, after waiting six weeks without seeing any one pass the gates, she fell sick from vexation, and her life was despaired of.

"One night, as she lay half asleep, she turned herself about, and, opening her eyes, perceived a little old woman seated in a chair by her bedside. 'I and my sisters,' said she, 'are displeased that your majesty should persist in getting some of our fruit; however, we will allow you to take as much as you can carry away, provided you give us in return what we shall ask.'—'Ah! kind fairy,' cried the queen, 'I will give you anything that I possess, even my very kingdom, if you will but give me some of your fruit.' The old fairy then informed the queen that they required that she should give them her child, as soon as she should be born; adding, that every possible care should be taken of her, and that she should become the most accomplished princess. The queen replied, 'that however cruel the condition, she must accept it, since nothing but the fruit could save her life.' My mother instantly arose from her bed, was dressed by her attendants, entered the palace, and satisfied her desire. When

the queen had eaten as much as she could, she ordered several mules to be procured, and loaded with the fruit, which had the virtue of continuing all the year round in a state of perfection. Thus provided, she returned to the king, my father, who, with the whole court, received her with rejoicings; they imagined she had died from disappointment. The queen said nothing to my father of the promise she had made to give her daughter to the fairies; and when she thought of it, she grew very melancholy; at length she told the truth to the king. Nothing could exceed his affliction, when he heard that his child was to be given to the fairies. He, however, said nothing, for fear of adding to my mother's grief; but resolved to keep me in a place of safety, which the fairies would not be able to approach. As soon, therefore, as I was born, he had me conveyed to a tower in the palace, to which there were twenty flights of stairs, and a door to each, of which my father kept the key; so that none came near me without his consent. When the fairies heard what had been done, they first sent to demand me; and on my father's refusal, they let loose a monstrous dragon, which devoured men, women, and children, and which, by the breath of its nostrils, destroyed every thing it came near, so that the trees and plants began to wither. The grief of the king at seeing this was very great; and, finding that his whole kingdom would in a short time be reduced to ruin, he consented

to give me into their hands. I was accordingly laid in a cradle of mother-of-pearl, ornamented with gold and jewels, and carried to their palace; when the dragon immediately disappeared. The fairies placed me in an apartment of their palace, elegantly furnished, but to which there was no door, so that whoever approached was obliged to enter by the windows, which were a great height from the ground, and overlooked a delightful garden, in which was every sort of fruit. They gave me a parrot, and a little dog which could speak, to be my companions. In this place I was educated by the fairies, who behaved to me with great kindness; my clothes were splendid, and I was instructed in every kind of accomplishment: in short, if I had never seen any one but themselves, I should have remained very happy. A fairy came to me daily, mounted on a dragon, and supplied me with provisions. One of the windows of my tower overlooked a long avenue shaded with trees. One day, as I was talking at this window with my parrot, I perceived a young man who was listening to our conversation. I thought him very handsome, and he at length bowed in the most respectful manner. When it began to grow dark, he went away, and I could not see which road he took. Next morning, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the young man had returned to the same place. He now spoke to me through a trumpet, telling me he thought

me a most charming lady, and that he should be very unhappy if he did not pass his life in my company.

"I determined to find some method of escaping with the prince from my tower. I even devised means for executing my design: I begged the fairies to bring me a netting-needle, a mesh, and some cord, saying, I wished to make some nets to amuse myself with catching birds at my window. This they readily did, and I soon completed a ladder long enough to reach to the ground. I now sent my parrot to the prince, to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and finding the ladder, mounted it, and quickly entered the tower. This at first alarmed me, but his conversation soon drove away my fears. Whilst we were talking the window suddenly opened, and one of the fairies, mounted on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower. My beloved prince thought only of defending me from their fury, for I had related my story to him previous to her arrival; but the fairy commanded the dragon to destroy him. He defended himself long and bravely with his sword, but the dragon at last prevailed, and he was devoured before my eyes. The fairy then touched me with her wand, and I instantly became a White Cat. She next conducted me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and transformed all the attendants into cats. The rest of my subjects appeared as hands without any bodies. She then informed me of my birth,

and the death of my parents, and pronounced that I should not be restored to my natural form until a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You are that perfect resemblance, as is evident by the portrait you have seen me wear round my neck, and you have accordingly ended the enchantment."

The prince and princess set out in a car of still greater splendour than before, and reached the palace just as the other two princes had arrived with their two princesses. The beauty of these was great, but yet far inferior to the former, who outshone all the queen's daughters that had ever appeared at the court of the king. The prince and princess were wedded with great rejoicings, and in due time they succeeded to the kingdom, and lived long and happily together. Their sons and daughters were famed for their learning and beauty, but still more for their bravery and numerous virtues.



THE

YELLOW DWARF.





The Yellow Dwarf.



ONCE upon a time there lived a queen, who had an only daughter, whom she loved so excessively that she never corrected her faults, or thwarted her wishes. The consequence of this folly was, the young lady grew up very self-willed and unamiable. Her great beauty made her likewise very proud. She was called All-fair; and the fame of her beauty spread through all the surrounding courts, and many princes became so enamoured as to offer her marriage. But the princess rejected them all, much to the annoyance of the queen her mother, who was very anxious to see her daughter well married. When she found all her entreaties were of no avail, she resolved to go and consult the Fairy of the Desert respecting the best course to be adopted towards her stubborn daughter. It was, however, difficult to gain access to

this fairy; for she was guarded by two fierce lions. The queen, however, knew of a certain cake that would appease their fury, and enable her to pass by them. Providing herself with this, she set out privately towards the fairy's dwelling. After walking several miles, she became so excessively weary that she lay down under a tree, and fell into a sound sleep. Suddenly she was awoke by the roaring of the lions, who were approaching her. She jumped up and seized her basket of cakes to appease their fury; but, alas, it was empty! The poor queen was in an agony of terror, not knowing what to do. It was impossible to escape from the furious lions, and there appeared no other prospect for her than a cruel death. At this moment she heard a noise in the tree, which attracted her attention; and on looking up, she saw an ugly Yellow Dwarf, about three feet high, picking oranges.

"Ah, queen," said he, "you are in great danger! These lions have destroyed many; and how will you escape, seeing you have no cakes?"

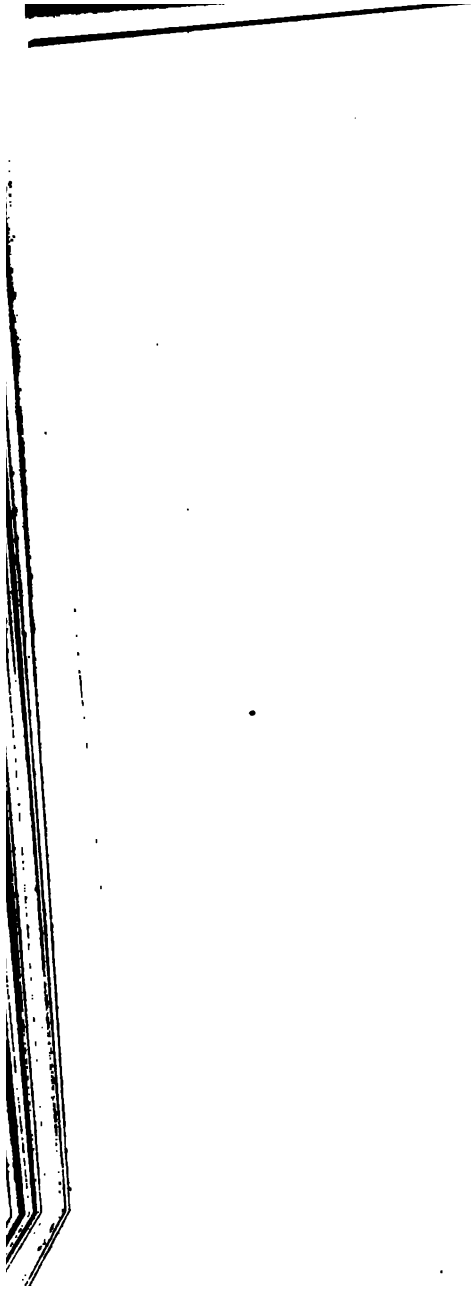
"Alas," said the queen, weeping, "I know not; for I have lost my cakes."

"There is but one way," replied the dwarf. "I know what has brought you here; and if you will promise me your daughter in marriage, I will save you from the lions; if not, they shall devour you."

The queen, horrified at the thought of sacrificing her



THE YELLOW DWARF.



beautiful daughter to such a hideous creature, made him no answer; but a terrible growl from the lions, who were just ready to spring upon her, so terrified her, that she gave her promise, and then fainted away. When the queen came to herself she was in bed in her own palace. All that had passed seemed as a dream; nevertheless she was so persuaded of its reality, that her spirits gave way, and she sunk into such a state of melancholy that she cared for nothing.

Princess All-fair loved her mother very tenderly, and she grieved to see her in such a state of dejection. After trying in vain to ascertain the cause of the queen's sorrow, that she might comfort her, the princess determined on paying a visit to the Fairy of the Desert, to ask her advice on the subject. All-fair, having provided some cakes for the lions, started secretly on her dangerous journey. It so happened that she took the same road as her mother had taken, and accordingly arrived at the unlucky orange-tree. Attracted by the luscious appearance of the oranges, she put down her basket and plucked some to eat. Whilst the princess was enjoying the fruit, she heard the roaring of the lions, which were advancing towards her. Alarmed at this terrible sight, she hastily picked up the basket to take out some cakes; but she found to her great sorrow that the basket was empty. All-fair, overwhelmed with terror, wrung her hands and sobbed aloud. The hideous Yellow Dwarf now made his

appearance, and asked the princess what had brought her to that place. She told him she was going to consult the Fairy of the Desert as to the cause of her mother's sorrow.

"Oh," replied he, "you need not go any further to ascertain that. I can tell you the cause. She has promised you to me in marriage, and now is so ungrateful as to repent of her promise."

"What!" exclaimed the princess; "the queen my mother promised me to such a hideous creature as you! Impossible!"

"Oh, very well," replied the Yellow Dwarf; "as you please, young lady. The lions will soon punish you for your insolence."

The lions were about to seize on poor All-fair, when she cried to the dwarf, "Oh, save me! and I will promise to marry you, rather than be eaten by these monsters."

On saying these words she fainted from terror. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself in her own apartment, and round one of her fingers was a ring of red hair, so tightly fastened that she could not remove it. The princess now became as melancholy as her mother. The queen and all her court were greatly distressed at the alteration in the princess, and they concluded that the most likely way of diverting her thoughts would be by urging her to marry. The princess listened to their proposals, and at length consented to marry

the King of the Golden Mines, who had long tried to gain her affections. This king was exceedingly rich and powerful.

When all was agreed upon, preparations were made to celebrate the nuptials in the most magnificent style. The King of the Golden Mines expended large sums of money in purchasing all that was splendid and gorgeous, and the palace glittered with gold and precious stones.

At length the day arrived for the celebration of the marriage; but as the party were proceeding to perform the ceremony, they saw an ugly old fairy approaching them, riding on a box drawn by two peacocks. Coming up to the queen, she shook her crutch in a malicious manner, saying, "Oh, oh, this is the way you perform the promise you made to my friend the Yellow Dwarf. I am the Fairy of the Desert, and I will not allow such unfaithfulness to my friend to go unpunished; therefore decide whether you will marry him or die."

This unexpected appearance of the fairy filled the queen and princess with the greatest alarm. But the King of the Golden Mines drew his sword, and going up to the fairy, he said, "Fly, wretch! or I will strike off thy head."

The king had no sooner uttered these words than the box flew open, and out started the Yellow Dwarf, seated on a huge wild cat; who, placing himself before the fairy, said, "Hold, rash youth! your rage must be vented

against me; I am your rival and enemy. I claim the princess, who is pledged to me by the ring of hair on her finger."

"Hideous monster!" exclaimed the prince; "you are too contemptible to be noticed by me."

The dwarf, enraged at this scornful speech, drew his sword and challenged the king to fight. Immediately the air was darkened; and amidst lightnings and thunder the two peacocks were transformed into giants of enormous size, who stood on each side of the Yellow Dwarf, vomiting fire. All the spectators were terrified at this fearful sight, excepting the King of the Gold Mines, who with undaunted courage attacked his terrible enemy; but his brave heart sank within him when he saw the Fairy of the Desert, mounted on a fiery dragon, advance towards his beloved All-fair and strike her to the ground. The king hastened to the assistance of his lady; but the dwarf flying before him on his cat, seized All-fair and carried her off.

The fairy, having fallen in love with the king, carried him aloft in the air, and conveyed him to a frightful cavern, and chained him up; hoping thus to make him forget All-fair, and secure him for herself. But finding this plan unsuccessful, she changed herself into a lovely girl, and going to the king she removed his fetters, and placed him by her side in a chariot drawn by swans, which flew rapidly through the air. In their flight they

passed over a palace of polished steel, the brilliance of which attracted the king's notice, and on looking down he saw All-fair weeping bitterly in the garden.

The princess, attracted by a noise in the sky, looked up, and saw to her great sorrow the King of the Gold Mines seated in the chariot with the fairy. Stung to the heart at this sight, she inwardly reproached the king with want of fidelity to herself, and piteously bewailed her unhappy condition. The poor king still loved her tenderly, and would have rejoiced, if he could, to have thrown the fairy from the chariot, and hastened to her rescue. But the chariot passed swiftly on, until they approached a magnificent palace on the sea-coast, at which the swans descended. The fairy then alighted and led the king into the palace, in which was everything that could delight the eye.

The king knew that his companion was a fairy, and he suspected she was the Fairy of the Desert, although she appeared as a lovely young woman. He resolved, therefore, to ingratiate himself with her if possible, and to conceal his dislike to her, in the hope that he might have some opportunity of escaping. The fairy, supposing her charms had now made some impression upon the prince, allowed him to walk beyond the gardens of the palace.

One day as he was walking by the sea-shore, he was surprised by the appearance of a mermaid, which spake to him in a melodious voice, and said, "I am aware, O

king, of the attachment existing between you and princess All-fair; I know also the misery you endure, and am come to release you from it. I am an enemy to the Fairy of the Desert and the Yellow Dwarf; if you, therefore, will trust to me, I will deliver you and the princess out of their power."

The king gratefully accepted the proffered aid; and seating himself on the mermaid's back, promised to do all that she should direct. They then sailed off; and as they went, the mermaid told him all that had befallen the princess, and that she was now confined in the steel castle of the dwarf.

At length they drew near to the place, when the mermaid told him that he would have many powerful enemies to overcome before he could reach his beloved princess. "But," said she, "if you take this sword," which she then gave him, "and follow my directions, you will be able to destroy them all. Beware lest the sword fall from your hand; for if you once lose possession of it, you will not be able to recover it, and certain destruction will fall upon you."

The king promised to use the utmost caution; and after warmly thanking the mermaid for her kind services, he started for the castle. The first danger he encountered was two enormous lions, which guarded the outer gate. He advanced boldly towards them, and with one blow laid them dead at his feet. On reaching the inner court

the king was assailed by six fierce dragons of prodigious size; but he quickly destroyed them with his magic sword. The king then entered the castle, and was met by a band of lovely females, who forbad his entering, telling him that they were appointed to guard the castle and that their lives would be forfeited if they allowed any person to enter. The king was so moved by their entreaties that he could not resist them, until he heard a voice say, "Strike, or the princess is for ever lost." He now saw this was a cunning trick of the dwarf to ensnare him, and without hesitation he attacked and scattered them. The king then advanced to the place where he had seen the princess, and throwing himself at her feet, he declared his unalterable love for her.

The princess drew herself from him and said, "Did I not see you riding with the Fairy of the Desert? Is that your fidelity and love?"

The king related to her all the circumstances; and while talking he thoughtlessly dropped the magic sword, which the Yellow Dwarf seeing from behind a bush, sprung forward and seized.

"Now," said he, "you are in my power; and unless you consent to give up the princess to me, I will at once destroy you."

The king replied, "No, never will I do that! I scorn the terms you propose."

The malicious dwarf immediately struck off his head.

This dreadful spectacle broke the heart of the poor princess, and she fell upon the body of her beloved and died.

The kind mermaid grieved over the fate of these faithful lovers; and resolving to unite in death those who were so cruelly separated in life, she transformed them into two trees, which grew side by side, and intertwined their branches.



BEAUTY

AND

THE BEAST.





A very long time ago there lived a rich merchant, who had three daughters, the

youngest of whom was so lovely, that she was always called Beauty. She was not only handsome in person, but so amiable and courteous in her manners, that she was universally beloved.

Her sisters were jealous of the attention paid to Beauty; for they were so proud and disagreeable, that no one liked them. They thought of nothing but dress, and balls, and gay company. Beauty, on the contrary, felt more pleasure in promoting the comfort of her father, and doing good to her neighbours.

It unfortunately happened that a large fleet of the merchant's ships were wrecked, in a violent storm, on their way home. The merchant was thereby ruined, and was obliged to quit his grand mansion, and reside with his daughters in a small cottage. This reverse of fortune was a heavy blow to them all, especially to the two elder sisters, who were now forced to give up all their gay company. It was a great mortification to their pride to leave their splendid house, with its costly furniture, and to take up their abode in a mean little cottage. The amiable disposition of Beauty soon, however, reconciled her to the change; and she determined to make things as comfortable as she could, and to do all in her power to promote the happiness of her father. Beauty did the work of a servant (for her father could not afford to keep one), and made the little house so neat and tidy, that everybody admired it. The two sisters were idle and

sulky, and would do nothing to help Beauty, but continually reproached her as being a mean-spirited, vulgar creature. They passed their time in useless regrets, pining after their former grandeur; and were continually annoyed at finding themselves neglected and despised by their old companions.

At the expiration of a year, the merchant received intelligence of the arrival of one of his richest ships, which had escaped the storm. He prepared to set off to a distant port to claim his property; but before he went he asked each daughter what gift he should bring back for her. The eldest wished for pearls; the second for jewels; but the third said, "Dear father, bring me a rose." Now, it was no easy task to find a rose, for it was the middle of winter; yet, as she was the kindest daughter, and was very fond of flowers, her father said he would try what he could do. So he kissed all three, and bid them good-bye. And when the time came for him to go home, he had bought pearls and jewels for the two eldest, but he had sought everywhere in vain for the rose; and when he went into any garden, and asked for such a thing, the people laughed at him, and asked him whether he thought roses grew in the snow. This grieved him very much, for his third daughter was his dearest child; and as he was journeying home, thinking what he should bring her, he came to a fine castle; and around the castle was a garden, in half of which it seemed to be

summer time, and in the other half winter. On one side the finest flowers were in full bloom, and on the other everything looked dreary and buried in snow. "A lucky chance!" thought he to himself, as he ascended one of the terraces, and plucked a beautiful rose off one of the bushes. He was hastening away mightily pleased, when a fierce Lion sprang up, laid his paw upon his arm, and roared out, "Whoever dares to steal my roses shall be eaten up alive." Then the merchant said, "I knew not that the garden belonged to you; I only plucked a rose as a present for my daughter. Can nothing save my life?" "No!" said the Lion, "nothing, unless you undertake to come back and bring me whatever meets you first on your return home; if you agree to this, I will give you your life, and the rose too for your daughter." But the man was unwilling to do so, and said, "It may be my youngest daughter, who loves me most, and always runs to meet me when I go home." But then he thought again, "It may, perhaps, be only a cat or a dog." And at last the man yielded with a heavy heart, and took the rose, and said he would give the Lion whatever should meet him first on his return.

And as he came near home, it was his youngest and dearest daughter that met him: she came running, and kissed him, and welcomed him home; and when she saw that he had brought her the rose, she was still more glad. But her father began to be very sorrowful, and to

weep, saying, "Alas! my dearest child! I have bought this flower at a high price; for I have said I would give you to a wild Lion, and when he has you, he will, perhaps, tear you in pieces and eat you." And he told her all that had happened, and said she should not go, let what would happen. But she comforted him, and said, "Dear father, the word you have given must be kept. I will go with you to the Lion, and soothe him; perhaps he will let us both return safe home again."

The time now arrived for the merchant to return to the Lion's palace, and he made preparations for his dreadful journey. Beauty had so fully made up her mind to accompany him, that nothing could turn her from her purpose. Her father, seeing this, determined to take her, and they accordingly set out on their journey. The horse galloped swiftly across the forest, and speedily reached the palace. As they entered, they were greeted with the most enchanting music; but no living creature was to be seen. On entering the saloon, the furniture of which was of the most costly kind, they found a rich repast prepared for them, consisting of every delicacy. Beauty's heart failed her, for she feared something strange would soon happen. They, however, sat down, and partook freely of the various delicacies. As soon as they had finished, the table was cleared by invisible hands. Shortly after there was a knock at the door, and the

Lion asked permission to come in. "Enter," replied the merchant; and immediately the door flew open, and the same monster that had seized the merchant entered the room. The sight of his form terrified both the merchant and his daughter—as for Beauty, she almost fainted with fright. But the Lion, having a handsome mantle thrown over him, advanced towards them, and, seating himself opposite Beauty, said, "Well, merchant, I admire your fidelity in keeping your promise. Is this the daughter for whom you gathered the rose?"

"Yes," replied the merchant; "so great is my daughter's love to me, that she met me first on my return home, and she is now come here in fulfilment of my promise." "She will have no reason to repent it," said the Lion, "for everything in this palace shall be at her command. As for yourself, you must depart on the morrow, and leave Beauty with me. I will take care that no harm shall happen to her. You will find an apartment prepared for her." Having said this, he arose, wished them good-night, and departed.

Poor Beauty heard all that passed, and she trembled from head to foot with fear. As the night was far advanced, the merchant led Beauty to the apartment prepared for her, and she retired to rest. This room was furnished in the richest manner; the chairs and sofas were magnificently adorned with jewels, the hangings were of the finest silk and gold, and on all sides were

mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling. It contained, in fact, everything that was rich and splendid.

Beauty and her father slept soundly, notwithstanding their sorrow at the thought of so soon parting. In the morning they met in the saloon, where a handsome breakfast was ready prepared, of which they partook. When they had concluded, the merchant prepared for his departure; but Beauty threw herself on his neck, and wept. He also wept at the thought of leaving her in this forlorn state. At length he rushed into the court-yard, mounted his horse, and soon disappeared.

Poor Beauty, now left to herself, resolved to be as happy as she could. She amused herself by walking in the gardens, reading books, or playing on the harp, both of which she found in her room. On the toilet she found these lines, which greatly comforted her:—

"Welcome Beauty! dry your tears,
Banish all your sighs and fears;
You are queen and mistress here,
Whate'er you ask for shall appear."

After amusing herself thus for some time she returned to the saloon, where she found dinner ready prepared. The most delightful music played during the whole of dinner. When Beauty had finished, the table was cleared, and the choicest wines and most delicious fruits were produced. At the same hour as on the preceding day, the Lion rapped at the door, and asked permission to

enter. Beauty was terrified, and with a trembling voice she said, "Come in." He then entered, and advancing towards Beauty, who dared not look up, he said, "Will you permit me to sit with you?" "That is as you please," replied she. "Not so," said the Lion, "for you are mistress here; and if my company is disagreeable, I will at once retire."

Beauty, struck with the courtesy of the Lion, and with the friendly tone of his voice, began to feel more courageous; and she desired him to be seated. He then entered into the most agreeable conversation, which so charmed Beauty, that she ventured to look up; but when she saw his terrible face, she could scarcely avoid screaming aloud. The Lion, seeing this, got up, and, making a respectful bow, wished her good-night. Soon after, Beauty herself retired to rest.

On the following day, she amused herself as before, and began to feel more reconciled to her condition; for she had everything at her command which could promote her happiness. As evening approached, she anticipated the visit of the Lion; for, notwithstanding his terrible looks, his conversation and manners were very pleasing. He continued to visit her every day, till at length she began to think he was not so terrible as she once thought him. One day, when they were seated together, the Lion took hold of her hand, and said, in a gentle voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?" She hastily withdrew

her hand, but made no reply; at which the Lion sighed deeply, and withdrew. On his next visit, he appeared sorrowful and dejected, but said nothing. Some weeks after, he repeated the question; when Beauty replied, "No, Lion, I cannot marry you; but I will do all in my power to make you happy." "This you cannot do," replied he; "for unless you marry me I shall die." "Oh, say not so," said Beauty; "for it is impossible that I can ever marry you." The Lion then departed, more unhappy than ever.

Amidst all this, Beauty did not forget her father. One day she felt a strong desire to know how he was, and what he was doing. At that instant she cast her eyes on a mirror, and saw her father lying on a sick bed, in the greatest pain; whilst her sisters were trying on some fine dresses in another room. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly.

When the Lion came as usual, he perceived her sorrow, and inquired the cause. She told him what she had seen, and how much she wished to go and nurse her father. He asked her if she would promise to return at a certain time, if she went. Beauty gave him her promise, and he immediately presented her with a rose, like that which her father had plucked, saying, "Take this rose, and you may be transported to whatever place you choose; but, remember, I rely on your promise to return." He then withdrew.

Beauty felt very grateful for his kindness. She then wished herself in her father's cottage, and immediately she was at the door.

Full of joy, she entered the house, ran to her father's room, and fell on her knees by his bedside, and kissed him. His illness had been much increased by fretting for poor Beauty, who he thought had long since died, either from fear, or by the cruel monster. He was overcome with joy on finding her still alive. He now soon began to recover under the affectionate nursing of Beauty. The two sisters were very much annoyed at Beauty's return, for they had hoped that the Lion would have destroyed her. They were greatly annoyed to see her so superbly dressed, and felt extremely vexed to think that Beauty should have clothes as splendid as a queen, whilst they could not get anything half so fine.

Beauty related all that had passed in the Beast's palace, and told them of her promise to return on such a day. The two sisters were so very jealous, that they determined to ruin her prospects, if possible. The eldest said to the other, "Why should this minx be better off than we are? Let us try to keep her here beyond the time; the monster will be so enraged with her for breaking her promise, that he will destroy her at once, when she returns." "That is well thought of," replied the sister; "we will keep her."

In order to succeed, they treated Beauty with the

greatest affection; and the day before her intended departure they stole the rose, which she had told them was the means of conveying her in an instant wherever she might wish. Beauty was so much affected by their kindness, that she was easily persuaded to remain a few days. In the meantime the envious sisters thought of enriching themselves by means of the rose, and they accordingly wished themselves in some grand place. Instead of being carried as they expected, the rose withered, and they heard a most terrible noise, which so alarmed them, that they threw down the flower, and hid themselves.

Beauty was greatly troubled at the loss of her rose, and sought everywhere for it, but in vain. She happened, however, to enter her sisters' room, and, to her great joy, saw it lying withered on the floor; but as soon as she picked it up, it at once recovered all its freshness and beauty. She then remembered her broken promise; and, after taking leave of her father, she wished herself in the Beast's palace, and in an instant she was transported thither. Everything was just as she had left it; but the sweet sounds of music which used to greet her were now hushed, and there was an air of apparent gloom hanging over everything. She herself felt very melancholy, but she knew not why.

At the usual time she expected a visit from the Lion, but no one appeared. Beauty, wondering what all this could mean, now reproached herself for her ingratitude

in not having returned as she promised. She feared the poor animal had died of grief, and she thought that she could have married him rather than suffer him to die. She resolved to seek him in the morning in every part of the palace. After a miserable and sleepless night, she arose early, and ran through every apartment; but no Lion could be seen. With a sorrowful heart she went to the gardens, saying, "Oh that I had married the poor Lion who has been so kind to me; for, terrible though he is, I might have saved his life. I wish I could once more see him." At that moment she arrived at a plot of grass, where the poor Lion lay as if dead. Beauty ran towards him, and knelt by his side, and seized his hand. He then opened his eyes, and said, "Beauty, you forgot your promise; in consequence of which, I must die." "No, dear Lion," exclaimed Beauty, weeping; "no, you shall not die. What can I do to save you?" "Will you marry me?" asked he. "Yes," replied Beauty, "to save your life."

No sooner had these words passed her lips than the lion form disappeared, and she saw at her feet a handsome Prince, who thanked her for having broken his enchantment. He told her that a wicked magician had condemned him to wear the form of a lion until a beautiful lady should consent to marry him: a kind fairy had however given him the magic rose to help him in his trouble, which had been the means of releasing him.

At the same instant that the Prince was changed, the whole palace was full of courtiers, all of whom had been rendered invisible when the Prince was enchanted.

The Prince now led Beauty into the palace, where she found her father. The Prince related all to him, and asked him to allow Beauty to become his wife; to which he cheerfully assented, and the nuptials were solemnized with great rejoicing.

The good fairy appeared, to congratulate the Prince on his deliverance, and on his marriage with Beauty. As for the two sisters, she punished them severely for their jealous and unkind behaviour. But the Prince and his wife Beauty lived happily together for many, many years.





THE RENOWNED HISTORY

OF

GOODY TWO-SHOES,

OTHERWISE CALLED

MARGARET MEANWELL:

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF HER BROTHER TOMMY.



Goody Two-Shoes.

PART I.

ALL the world has heard of Goody Two-Shoes; so renowned has this little girl become, that her story has been written by more than one author; and we are now about to tell it again.

The real name of Goody Two-Shoes was Margery Meanwell. She had a brother named Tommy; and her

parents, who were good, industrious people, lived in the parish of Mouldwell. Her father was a farmer, and at one time in very good circumstances; but it pleased Providence to afflict him with so many misfortunes, that he became very poor, and was at last reduced to want. Poor Meanwell's goods were all sold to pay his creditors; for he was too upright to retain any property which was no longer his own. In the midst of his distresses he caught a cold, which threw him into a fever, and this, added to the grief and anxiety he felt for his family, soon caused his death: his poor wife lived but a short time after him, leaving little Margery and her brother Tommy alone and friendless in the wide world.

After their parents were dead, it would have done any one's heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about the village. They loved each other, though they were very poor; and having neither parents nor friends to provide for them, they were very ragged: as for Tommy, he had two shoes, but Margery had only one. They had nothing to support them for several days but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people; and they were obliged to sleep every night in a barn.

Mr. Smith, the parish priest, was a very good, kind man, but he was not rich enough to do all the good he wished; and though he had known Farmer Meanwell in

his prosperous days, and wished much to be of service to his poor orphan children, yet he had but little in his power.

It happened, however, that a relation came on a visit to him from a distant part of the country, who was a charitable as well as a wealthy man; and Mr. Smith, by his desire, sent for the poor children. This gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy clothes for her, and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor; which he did, and accordingly had a jacket and trousers made for him. He also agreed with an old woman in the village, called Dame Willis, to take care of little Margery until she should grow up, and be fit to maintain herself.

After some days the gentleman went to London, and took little Tommy with him;—of whom you will know more by and by. The parting between the two little children was very affecting; Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other a great number of times; till at last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bade her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea. In that case he promised Margery a pocketfull of gold guineas; and although she did not seem so much comforted by this as Tommy expected, yet she could not help smiling through her tears when she saw him dressed in his new jacket and trousers of coarse blue cloth, with a

pair of whole shoes upon his feet; looking, as poor Margery thought, quite like a gentleman. These good children promised each other never to forget to say the prayers night and morning which their father and mother had taught them; and by the advice of Mr. Smith, Tommy, who could read a little, had his mother's Prayer-book given to him to keep, which was accordingly packed up in his bundle with his other things. When night came, little Margery longed for her brother; and after sitting up as late as old Dame Willis would let her, she went crying to bed. She got up in the morning very early, and thought again of poor Tommy; but just at this instant the shoemaker came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing supported little Margery under the affliction she was in, so much as the pleasure she took in her new shoes; she ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and, stroking down her frock, cried out, "Look, look, two shoes! two shoes now!" and so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means she obtained the name of Two-Shoes; though her playmates called her GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Little Margery having seen how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, concluded that this was owing to his great learning, and she wished therefore, above all things, to learn to read, but was much at a loss, at first, how to

manage, as there was no school for children within ten miles of the village; at last she concluded to ask Mr. Smith to have the goodness to teach her at his leisure moments. This the good man readily agreed to do; and little Margery attended him for half an hour every morning.

By this means she learned to read very correctly; and at last she laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words in the world; some of these letters are large, and some small; so she cut out of several thin pieces of wood ten sets of each. And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell; and after that she taught them to make sentences. You know what a sentence is: "I will be good" is a sentence, and is made up of several words. The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this. Suppose the word to be spelt was PLUM-PUDDING (which is a very good thing), the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter P, the next *l*, the next *u*, the next *m*, and so on till the whole was spelled; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was getting instruction at their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children, with these letters in a basket; and as her terms were very low—only a penny

a week—she had many scholars. We will accompany her on one of her rounds, and see how she managed.

The first house she comes to is Farmer Wilson's. Margery stops at the door—tap, tap, tap. "Who's there?" "Only little Goody Two-Shoes, come to teach Billy," answers Margery. "Oh! little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you; Billy is quite ready for you, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy, "How do, Doody Two-Shoes?" says he, not able to speak plain; and she then goes in, and proceeds in her usual manner to give Billy his lesson.

After leaving Farmer Wilson's, the next place is Farmer Simpson's. "Bow, wow, wow," says the dog at the door. "Sirrah!" said his mistress, "why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly; she has learned all the alphabet." And, after giving little Sally her lesson, away she trots to old Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children met to be taught, and they all flocked round little Margery; who, having pulled out her letters, asks the little boy next her what he had for dinner? He answers, "Bread." "Then set up the first letter," she said. He puts up the *B*, to which the next adds *r*, the next *e*, the next *a*, the next *d*, and that spells BREAD. "And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-pie," answers the little girl; upon which the next

in turn sets up a great *A*, the two next a *p* each, and so on till the words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus—APPLE-PIE. Then there were other sentences, such as :—

Love God, for He is good.
Praise God, for all good things come from Him.
Pray to God night and morn.
Be true and just in all your ways.
Speak the truth at all times.
Do to others as you would wish them to do to you.

By and by some part of the Catechism was taught; and when they had said as much of it as they knew, Margery made them repeat after her the answer to a new question, till they all seemed to know it pretty well.

Several other questions, concerning the days of the week, the months of the year, the meaning of particular days or seasons, were asked by the little school-mistress, and answered by some one or other amongst the scholars, who ended by repeating such sentences as these :—

The Lord have mercy upon us, and give us hearts to love and serve Him.
The good God preserve us from all evil, and deliver us from temptation.
God give us grace to honour and obey our parents, and all that are set in authority over us.
May we be kind to every body, even to our enemies, and always ready to return good for evil.

This last was a new sentence, which Margery now made them repeat for the first time after her: they all did so till one of the girls observed, rather pertly, that indeed

she was not going to say *that.* "Not say what?" asked Margery, very good humouredly.

"About being kind to one's enemies; as if our enemies would ever be kind to us!"

"If they were kind," answered Margery, smiling, "they would cease to be our enemies, would they not?" No answer. "You *must* be kind and forgiving, Patty, or you are no Christian. Did you never hear read in church these words, *Love your enemies?*"

As she passed through the village one day, she met with some wicked boys, who had a young raven, which they were going to throw stones at. She wished to get the poor creature out of their hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called him Ralph, and a fine bird he was. Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read; and as he was particularly fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call this Ralph's Alphabet:—

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O
P Q R S T
U V W
X Y
Z

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys,

who had taken a pigeon, and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly, and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor animal with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment.

This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk; and he performed all those extraordinary things which are recorded of famous birds long ago. This pigeon was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones, of which he composed this alphabet:—

a b c d e f g h
i j k l m n o
p q r s t
u v w
x y
z



PART II.

THE people of Mouldwell were not much in the habit of receiving letters: the few that came were commonly addressed to Mr. Smith or some of his family, and these did not come so often as to make it worth while sending purposely to the nearest town to fetch them; so when there were letters to be delivered to any one at Mouldwell, they came by some private hand, though very often not till they had lain for several days at the town.

It chanced one market-day that Farmer Groves, before leaving the town, bethought himself to call at the post-office, when, to his surprise, a letter was put into his hand directed for Margery Meanwell, which he accordingly put in his pocket, and, on his return, he stopped at Dame Willis's cottage, and called as loud as he could for "Madge Two-Shoes." Out ran Margery, wondering what could be the matter; and her astonishment was great when the farmer, taking the letter from his pocket, said, "Here's something for you, little Two-Shoes; though who can have sent it, unless it be your brother Tommy, it passes my skill to guess. Take it up to Parson Smith to-morrow, and see if *he* can make anything out of it." Margery was better able to make out the contents for herself than Farmer Groves supposed: she contrived to spell over the greater part of the letter, which, as the farmer had rightly guessed, came from her brother Tom; and then went to bed, rejoicing in the prospect of telling Mr. Smith in the morning, and of hearing the contents read out more perfectly than she had been able to read them to herself. Next morning she ran up to the parsonage, and waited till Mr. Smith was ready to see her. At last she was told to come into his study; and having put the precious letter into his hand, she waited patiently for him to read it aloud. Mr. Smith first read over Tommy's letter to himself: the words were not all rightly spelt, neither were the stops, where there were any,

always put in the proper places; but he was able to make out the sense of the whole, and the letter was as follows:—

"Liverpool, Feb. 24, 17—.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I hope that these few lines will find you, as they leave me at this present time, in good health and spirits; likewise Mr. and Madam Smith, and all friends. It is nigh upon three years since I left my native home; but I doubt not Madge has often thought of her dear brother Tommy, as he has of her, and remembered, too, his promise concerning the prayers. Please, Madge, to give my duty to good Mr. Smith; and tell him that I failed not to read a verse or two in poor mother's Prayer-book, as opportunity served, which I can't say was so often as would have been for my good on board the White Fox. It pleased God, however, to raise me up a true friend whilst on that voyage, who now helps me to indite this letter, being a good scholar, which is more than I can say for myself. We two—that is, I and Jack Steady—are now going to serve on board the Lively Jane, Captain Mills, bound for the West Indies, having been on shore five days. It would have gladdened my heart to have gone home, and seen my dear sister and all the neighbours; but it was a long run from the town of Liverpool to Mouldwell, and the Lively Jane was ready to sail with

the first fair wind; but if I am once more safe back to England, it shall go hard but I see my dear old home again; and when I do come, Margery, you must prepare your mind to hear tell of many strange things. What do you think my Lady Ducklington's coachman would say to see ten or a dozen dogs harnessed to a sledge—a queer sort of carriage, that is, without any wheels, neither like a coach nor a cart—and these dogs tearing along over the country at the rate, maybe, of eight miles an hour? The person who drives has no reins, only a long whalebone whip, to guide the animals with. The steadiest dog of the pack is put foremost as leader, and he knows his name as well as you do yours; and when he hears himself called, looks back over his shoulder, as much as to say, 'What's your will?' or, 'Which way do you want to go?' But the whalebone whip reminds me of the whale himself. I daresay, Margery, now, you can't fancy any living thing half as big as a whale. Why, it is nothing strange for a whale to measure sixty feet in length—and three feet go to a yard, and so you may reckon him to be twenty yards long. The White Fox was a whale-ship, and pretty good success she had, taking all in all, bringing home a good cargo of oil; for you are not to think, Madge, that these whale-ships go into the frozen seas amongst pieces of ice as high as mountains and fearful to look upon, and attack these great fish,—which, I can assure you, is oftentimes dangerous work,—only to get

whalebone for women's stays. I could tell you a deal more about the whales, and also concerning the fierce white bears which inhabit those cold regions; but Jack says that the paper will not hold out much longer; so I will only say that I wish I could send the skin of one of those said bears to Goody Brown, to spread over her bed in cold weather; though, for my part, I don't think I ever knew what real cold weather meant before I sailed into the North Seas. So now, Madge, God bless you; which is all at present from your loving brother,

THOMAS MEANWELL."

When Mr. Smith had finished reading the letter, he returned it to Margery, saying, he was glad to find that Tommy remembered them all so kindly, and that he did not neglect his duties; he trusted that he would turn out a good man, as his father had been before him; "indeed," added Mr. Smith, "I have great hopes of you both, because you are the children of good parents. King David in his Psalms says, that he never saw the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread; neither, I believe, did any one else, unless such children on their parts forsake God, and give themselves up to evil."

About this time an accident befell Goody Two-Shoes, which may be worth recording. There was, not far from the village of Mouldwell, a large and stately-looking

mansion, called the Hall. It stood in a park, and there was a road between two rows of tall trees, called an avenue, which led from a pair of iron gates opening into the public road up to the house. An elderly couple, who had formerly served the family at the Hall as butler and housekeeper, lived there, and had charge of the house and furniture; but the lady to whom it all belonged, Lady Ducklington, seldom came near the place, but lived all the year in London. Once in two years, indeed, she used to come down to Mouldwell Hall in a coach drawn by four horses, where she remained for about a month.

At last the old lady died, and, according to the directions contained in her will, was to be buried in the vault at Mouldwell church. A grand funeral it was, and nearly all the parish went to see it; amongst the rest our friend Margery. There were three mourning coaches, each drawn by four black horses; and in one of these coaches was the heir to the property. After the service was ended, and the rest of the company had got into their coaches, this gentleman waited to speak to Mr. Smith, and told him that, although he was obliged just now to return to his family, he hoped soon to take possession of the Hall, and make it his place of abode.

Mr. Smith was much pleased at this news; and all agreed with him in thinking that it would be a fine thing for the parish to have a family living at the Hall.

After Mr. Williams's coach had driven off, most of the

villagers left the churchyard; but one or two went into the church to watch the men who were at work in the chancel closing up the vault. Little Margery followed them; for she had often wished to read the inscriptions on some monuments in the church, and thought that she never should have a better opportunity than the present. There were in the chancel two or three handsome monuments belonging to the Ducklington family; one was ornamented with gilding, mixed with bright crimson and blue colours: this was to the memory of Sir Simon Ducklington, the husband of the lately deceased lady; but the inscription was in the Latin language, so that Margery could not make out a word of it. Then she looked at the other monuments; but the writing upon them was either too old to be legible, or the letters were formed in what is called old English characters, which were not as yet in Margery's stock of alphabets. On one side of the chancel there was a door, which opened into a small sort of chapel, or chantry. Margery had never been within, but she had heard a good deal about the place; and she now asked leave of the old clerk to go in: he said that she was welcome, if she wished it; that there was no key, for it had been lost before his time; and so she had only to lift the latch and open the door; which accordingly Margery did.

There was a monument here which had a full-length figure of a lady resting upon the slab. This figure was



GOODY TWO SHOES.

carved out of the finest marble; which, though not so white as it had once been, seemed to Margery still very beautiful. The head-dress fell down in such natural folds on each side of the face, and the creases in the pillow which supported the head looked also so very like real creases, that you might have fancied it all formed of silk or linen, rather than of cold hard stone. The hands, which were joined together over the breast as if in prayer, were moulded, too, in exact imitation of the natural shape; looking, except in the colour, just like life.

So deeply was Margery engaged with what she saw, that she did not notice the stillness of all around her; she forgot how long she had been in the little chapel; and when she opened the door into the chancel, she was surprised, and alarmed too, to find that the workmen, having finished their job, were gone, and that she was left alone in the church. She tried the doors, but they were all shut; so she saw that there was nothing for it but to remain where she was until morning. How Margery passed the weary hours of the night we shall hear by and by.

Early in the morning Mr. Smith's servant knocked at his door, to tell him that Farmer Mills was below, waiting to speak with him. Mr. Smith immediately got up, and, with all the speed he could, hastened down stairs. The story the farmer had to tell was nothing more nor less than that one of the church-bells had been tolling for

above an hour. Mr. Smith was rather surprised to hear this; but as the farmer's home stood very near to the churchyard, he could not doubt the truth of the statement; so he proceeded with him to the churchyard. Here they found several persons already met together, and amongst the rest old Dame Willis. The key was now applied to the door, and on its being opened, little Margery walked forth. In a very few words she explained the cause of her having passed the preceding night in the church. But all were anxious to hear a full account of her adventure; so it was agreed that she should go to Farmer Mills' and have her breakfast; and then the party should assemble to hear her story. When they returned, they found Margery quite refreshed by the farmer's hospitality, and ready to answer all questions. The first put to her by Mr. Smith was a very natural one.

"Pray, Margery," said he, "why did not you pull the bell sooner? Had you done so immediately, you might have been spared the necessity of spending the night as you did."

"Sir," said Margery, "I was frightened, and did not think of it *immediately;* and when it did come into my mind, I found the ropes so short that I could scarcely reach them. If you please, sir, you may remember that there was a talk last Christmas of putting up new bell-ropes; but the churchwardens thought that by taking off

the ends that were most worn, they might be made to do another year. The little bell, that we call the *Ting tang*, had, I think, a new rope."

"Then why did you not pull *that?*" asked Mr. Smith.

"Because, sir, though I felt about a good while, I could not find it."

"That," said Farmer Mills, "I'll be bound to say you could not, Madge; for whilst we were all waiting for the hearse, seeing our Jack and one or two other boys making free with the rope of the *Ting tang*, I hitched it up myself out of their reach."

"Well," resumed Margery, "that was it, then. However, I did pull at one of the great bells, and made it sound; and although it was not a very loud toll, I yet hoped it might be heard: indeed, I almost think that it was; for, after waiting some time, I fancied that I heard footsteps in the churchyard. I went to the church-door and listened; and to find out if any one was on the outside, I knocked upon the door as hard as I could with my fist. Scarcely had I done so, when I heard somebody run away very fast."

Here Bob Mills, who was present, looked very red, and, slipping behind his father, left the house in a great hurry. The truth was, that he and another boy, in racking up the horses for the night, had heard the bell; upon which, summoning up all their courage, they left the stable, and went to listen at the church-door. No

sooner, however, did they discover that *something*, as they expressed it, was inside the church, than they ran off, as Margery had described, and, what was more foolish still, said not a word of the matter when they reached home.

"Well," resumed Margery, "it seemed to me that the best thing I could do would be to try and go to sleep, that the time might not appear so long; so down by the large tomb I looked about for some place wherein to pass the night. I first found a piece of matting to lay upon the stone-floor, and then a hassock; and by good luck I had my cloak with me. I thought then I could not do better than lie down beside the lady with the clasped hands; so I laid myself down on the mat, with the hassock under my head, and wrapped my cloak round me, to keep myself as warm as I could."

"Thy cloak is but a thinnish one," said Farmer Mills.

"It is what I am used to, sir," continued Margery, "and use is everything; so it did very well. I had determined, if I could not make the bell give out a louder sound in the morning, to go up the belfry stairs, and get out upon the tower, where I made sure that some one or other would see me; and so my mind being more at ease, I lay down, as I said before, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, I felt very cold: it was that, I fancy, which prevented my sleeping longer, for I am not used to wake in the night; so I got up, thinking it

would be best for me to move about. I did not know how long I had slept, but presently I heard the great clock strike one, so I found I had had a pretty good nap considering. At this time, too, the moonbeams were streaming in through the painted glass in the great window, making the whole place look more beautiful than I can describe; at least so it seemed to me. After that I tried to fill up the time by repeating to myself such Psalms as I knew by heart; and when I came to the christening-font I stopped, and I thought to myself, this is where Tommy and I were brought to be baptized. Then I tried to reckon how many babies I had seen Mr. Smith baptize; how many of them were now living, and who they were; and so, what with one thing and what with another, the night passed away sooner than I could have thought. When I heard the clock strike four, I began again to pull at the great bell; and by getting upon the hassock, which I had brought into the belfry, I found that I could manage better, and pull harder than I had done before."

Thus ended Margery's story. When she had finished speaking, Mrs. Mills remarked, that it was just like hearing a printed book; but Margery was far better pleased to be commended by Mr. Smith, who told her, in the hearing of them all, that she had behaved herself like a wise girl.



PART III.

BEFORE the termination of the following spring the new squire and his family were settled at Mouldwell. Mr. and Mrs. Williams learnt from Mr. Smith every particular concerning the parish which could aid them in their desire of assisting its inhabitants; and none, of all his parishioners, was more earnestly recommended by Mr. Smith to the favour of the squire than

our friend little Margery, who had now grown into a tall, comely-looking girl. Mr. Williams hearing so excellent a character of her, and understanding from Mr. Smith that, notwithstanding her youth, she was well qualified for the office of schoolmistress, determined to establish her as such, and to pay a certain sum per year for the schooling of as many poor children as Margery herself thought she could manage to instruct. Besides this, he gave the necessary orders for building a school-house near the middle of the village, and not far from the church, to which, as soon as it should be perfectly dry and habitable, Margery and old Dame Willis were accordingly to remove.

No sooner was Margery settled than she did everything in her power to promote the welfare of her neighbours, and especially of their little ones, in whom she took great delight; and those whose parents could not afford to pay, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company; for they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management. She not only taught the children in the day-time, but the farmers' servants, and all the neighbours, to read and write in the evening.

The school-room was a large one; and, as Margery knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up

and fetch a letter, or spell a word, when it came to his turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and the points firmly in their minds.

The neighbours, knowing that Miss Two-Shoes was very good (as, to be sure, nobody was better), made her a present of a little sky-lark. Now, as many boys and girls had learned to lie in bed long in the morning, she thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell her when to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death." Some time after this a poor lamb lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought it home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age to

"Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb."

This lamb she called Lizzy, and a pretty creature she was. No sooner were Tippy the lark and Lizzy the baa-lamb brought into the school, but that sensible rogue, Ralph the raven, repeated in his croaking voice the following verse, which every good little boy and girl should get by heart:—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Soon after this a present was made to Miss Margery of a little dog, who was always in a good humour and

jumping about; and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door; for he would not let anybody either in or out without the leave of his mistress. Lizzy the baa-lamb was a cheerful companion, and all the children were fond of her; wherefore Miss Two-Shoes made it a rule, that they who behaved the best should have her home at night to carry their satchel or basket on her back, and bring it in the morning.

It happened one day, when Miss Two-Shoes was diverting the children after school-time with some innocent games, and mingling them with entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery; nay, the messenger said that he was seemingly dying when he came away. All the school was in tears, and the messenger was obliged to return; but before he went, Miss Two-Shoes ordered Tom Pigeon to go home with the man, and bring a letter to inform her how Mr. Jones did. Soon after the man was gone, the pigeon was missed; and the concern the children were under for Mr. Jones and little Sally was in some measure diverted, and part of their attention turned after Tom, who was a great favourite, and consequently much bewailed. She then told them a story; and after she had concluded, something was heard to flap at the window. "Bow, wow, wow," says Jumper, and attempted

to leap up and open the door, at which the children we surprised; but Miss Margery, knowing what it wa opened the casement, as Noah did the window of th ark, and drew in Tom Pigeon with the letter. As soo as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to litt Sally, and dropping the letter, cried, "Coo, coo, coo;" a much as to say, "there, read it." Now this pigeon ha travelled all the way, and brought the agreeable intell gence that Mr. Jones was out of danger.

Miss Margery was always doing good, and thought sh could never sufficiently recompense those who had don anything to serve her. These grateful sentiments natu rally led her to consult the interests of Mr. Grove th farmer, and the rest of her neighbours; and as most o their lands were meadow, and they depended much o their hay, which had been for many years greatly damage by wet weather, she procured an instrument to direct the when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent the hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, an by that means got in their hay without damage, whil most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled.

But this good service rendered them occasioned a ver great noise in the country; and so provoked were th people who resided in other parishes, that they accuse her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap (busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find ou evidence against her. This wiseacre happened to com

to her school when she was walking about with the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog by her side, which so surprised the man, that in astonishment he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!" Upon this she, laughing, answered, "A conjuror! a conjuror!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus; for a warrant was issued against Miss Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the Justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

When at the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life, and much less of the law, asked her whom she could bring to her character? "Whom can you bring *against* my character, sir?" said she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence if it were necessary; but I never supposed any one here could be so weak as to believe that I was a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm;" and, laying a barometer or weather-glass on the table, "it is with this," said she, "that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think that Goody Two-Shoes was a witch! If there were such people at all now-a-days, he was quite sure they were very unlike Miss Margery. He then gave the court such an account of Goody Two-Shoes and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour

that the gentlemen present were delighted with her, a returned her public thanks for the great service she h done to her part of the country.

About this time, just at the conclusion of the ha harvest, Mr. Williams resolved to give an entertainme to the people of the parish of Mouldwell. Long tabl spread under the shade of the noble trees which adorn the park, were loaded with large pieces of boiled or roast beef, with plum-puddings in every vacant space; and the were Mr. and Mrs. Williams standing to receive the guests, with Mr. Smith and some other gentlemen a ladies. Amongst the number of happy faces that pass in their way to the dinner-table, none were more pa ticularly noticed than a party, consisting of Dame Will leaning upon her staff, walking between Margery and young man in a sailor's dress. This last was Tomm Meanwell, who, to the great delight of his sister, h arrived the evening before. Mr. Williams had also brother lately come from sea, whom he was as glad meet again as Margery had been to see Tommy. Th gentleman, who was now present, had a good deal of tal with the young sailor, being pleased both with his cou tenance and manner.

After the dinner was over, the children had leave play about, and fine running and racing there was in tl park, where a place had been freshly mown for a game cricket; whilst of the older guests, some sat under tl


F. B. TOPHAM, DEL.

trees, talking to each other, or watching the cricket players; and others rambled through the pleasure grounds, which afforded a pleasant stroll on a fine summer's evening, like this on which the Mouldwell feast took place.

Captain Williams, as has been said, took much notice of Tommy Meanwell; he was himself expecting, in the course of a few weeks, to be appointed to the command of one of the king's ships; and before leaving the Hall where he remained about a month, he engaged Tommy to accompany him in the capacity of his own servant. This was a great advance in the world for a poor lad like Tommy, whose hopes of making a great fortune had long since left him; so that, after another week, he set off with great joy.

Tommy, or, as we must now call him, Thomas Meanwell, lived for several years in Captain Williams's service. More than once during that time his good master offered to procure him a better situation; but Thomas was too sincerely attached to him to listen to such proposals. At last Captain Williams received a wound in battle, of which he soon after died, to the great affliction of his faithful servant, who from that time gave up his seafaring life. Thomas Meanwell returned to his native village, where, having saved a little money, in addition to 50*l.* bequeathed him by his kind master, he married and lived respectably the remainder of his days.

It is not known how long after this Goody Two-Shoes lived, but we know that she continued to live happily with her little family of scholars, who were all sincerely attached to her; not forgetting Tom Pigeon, Ralph Raven, Tippy the lark, Lizzy the lamb, and, last of all, the little dog Jumper.



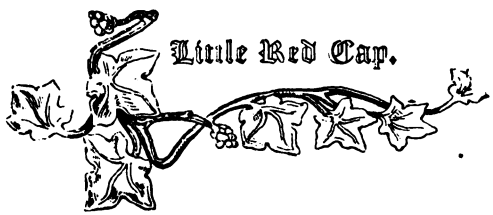
THE STORY OF

LITTLE RED CAP,



COMMONLY CALLED LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.


LITTLE
RED CAP



THERE was once upon a time a sweet little maid who was beloved by every one who saw her; but she was loved most of all by her grandmother, who knew not what to give her, she was so fond of her. Once she presented her with a cap of red velvet, and, as it became her so well, and she hardly ever wore any other afterwards, she was called by everybody LITTLE RED CAP.

Her mother said to her one day, "Come, Red Cap, here are a piece of cake and a flask of wine, carry them to your grandmother; she is ill and weak, and they will help to make her strong; and be sure you behave yourself prettily and civilly, and salute her kindly from me, take care too that you walk on in an orderly way, and run not off the road, else you will fall and break the glass, and then your grandmother will get nothing."

Redcap said, "All that I will do quite right;" and she kissed her mother, and set off on her journey.

Now her grandmother's house was in the middle of a wood, some miles distant from the village where Red Cap's mother lived; and just when Red Cap had got to the wood the wolf came up to her: but Red Cap did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not at all afraid of him.

"Good day to you, little Red Cap," said he.

"Many thanks to you, Mr. Wolf," answered the little maid.

"And where are you going so early in the morning Red Cap?"

"To my grandmother."

"What are you carrying under your apron, Red Cap?"

"Wine and cake, for my sick grandmother; we baked the cakes yesterday, that they might be nice and firm."

"But, Red Cap, where does your grandmother live?"

"A good way farther on, in the wood," answered the little maid;—"there you will see the house, and you may know it by the tall tree which grows up to the chimney-top."

When he heard this, the wolf said to himself: "This nice young maid will be a sweet morsel for me, if I can only catch her." But he was afraid to touch her just then lest the wood-cutters or the hunters should see him; so he thought of a scheme. He went on a little way by

Red Cap's side, and talked to her again. "Red Cap, only look at these beautiful flowers which grow all about in the wood;—why don't you look round you? I believe, too, you are not listening to the birds, as they sing so sweetly? You walk along just as if you were going to school; and yet it is so pleasant out here, in the wood!"

Red Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw how the bright sun darted his rays here and there through the trees, and how beautifully the flowers bloomed all around her, she thought to herself, "Ah, if I could bring a nosegay to my grandmother;—this would indeed please her much; it is still early, and I shall be sure to get there by the right time;" so she set down her cakes and wine, sprang into the wood, and sought all about for the prettiest flowers. And when she had pulled one, it seemed as if there was a still prettier one beyond it; so she ran and ran, first after one and then after another, farther and deeper into the wood.

But the wolf went straight as his legs could carry him to the grandmother's house, and tapped at the door.

"Who is there?" said she.

"Little Red Cap," answered he. "I have brought you some cakes and a flask of wine—open the door to me."

"Pull the latch," cried the grandmother, "I am ill and cannot get up." The wolf pulled the latch, and, without speaking a word, went straight to the bed, and swallowed the poor grandmother up. Then he took her

clothes and put them on, placed her great cap on his head, and lay down in the bed and drew the curtains before it.

Red Cap all this time was running about gathering flowers in the wood, and looking at the little birds which were perched upon the bushes around her, and when she had got as many in her lap as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother, and hastened back to the road. When she got to the house she could not help wondering that the door stood open, and when she came into the room, everything seemed so strange that she said to herself, "Oh dear, how dull I feel to-day, when before I used to be so glad to be with my grandmother!" Then she went to the bed and drew back the curtains, and there was her grandmother (as she thought), with her cap deep over her face, and looking so strange.

"Ah, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"That is that I may hear you the better, child."

"Ah, grandmother, what large eyes you have!"

"That is to see you better."

"Ah, grandmother, what great hands you have!"

"That is that I may lay hold of you the better."

"Ah, grandmother, what a dreadfully large mouth you have!"

"That is that I may the better eat you." And as the wolf said these words he sprang out of the bed upon poor little Red Cap, and was opening his mouth to eat her up,

when, behold, an arrow shot him through the body, and he fell dead at her feet.

A huntsman had been going by; and when he saw the door of the old grandmother's cottage standing open, he thought he would look in and see what was the matter. So he slipped in quietly behind the door, and heard all that the wolf said to Red Cap; and just when he saw that he was going to devour her, he aimed a shot at the wicked animal and killed him; so little Red Cap was saved. The good huntsman then led her home to her mother, and she told him all the story by the way; and as he left her at the door, he said to her, "See that you never run away from the road again, all your life, nor do what your mother has forbidden you."



Little Red Cap's

SECOND ADVENTURE.

It happened some time afterwards, that Red Cap's mother sent her on an errand to one of her aunts, when another wolf met her, and tried to entice her from the road. But Red Cap remembered what her friend, the hunter, had told her, and she went straight till she came to her journey's end. As soon as she saw her aunt, she told her that she had met the wolf, who had wished her good morning, but that he stared so fiercely at her all the time, with his large eyes, that she believed if she had not been upon the high road he would have eaten her up.

"Come," said her aunt, "we will fasten the door and the windows carefully, so that he cannot get in."

Soon after this there came a knock at the door; and the wolf called out, "Open the door, dear aunt, I am Red Cap;—I have brought you some nice cakes."

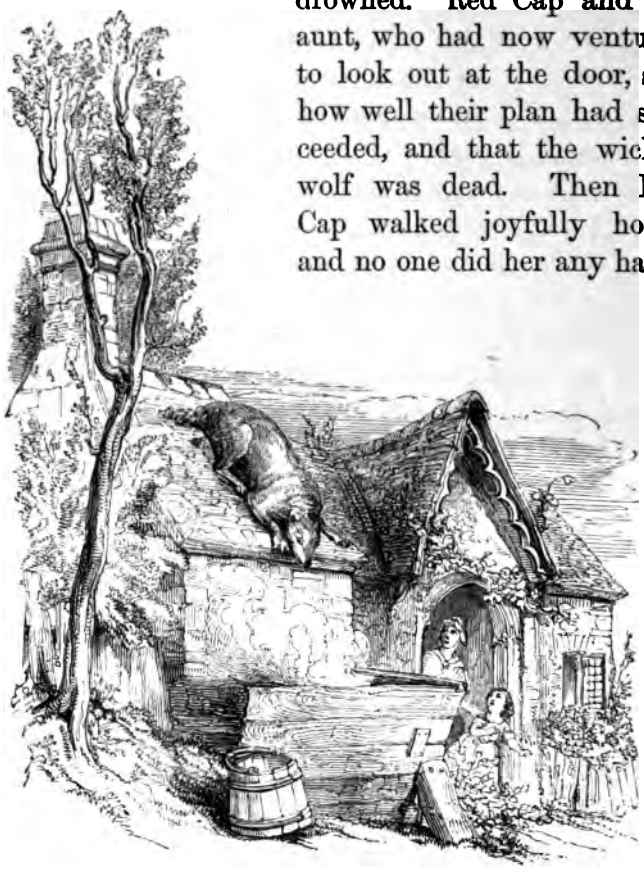
But they kept quite still and did not open the door. Then the wolf ran round and round the house to see if there was any other way of getting in; and at last, when he found he could not get into the house, he jumped upon the roof, and seated himself there to wait till Red Cap set off to go home, when he thought to slip quietly after her, and eat her up in the dark. But her aunt heard what was going on, and guessed what the wolf was about.

Now there stood before the house a large and very deep stone trough, and her aunt said to Red Cap, "let us get the buckets and fill the trough up to the very brim." So they went to work, and when they had filled it almost to the top, her aunt said, "Red Cap, take your bucket, and go into the kitchen and fill it with the water in which the pudding was boiled, and pour that too into the trough."

Red Cap did as she was bid, and by this time the great trough was quite full.

They then opened the window very quietly and peeped out to see what would happen. But now the smell of the pudding began to reach the wolf's nose; he snuffed and snuffed, and looked round about, and down; and at last he made such a long neck that he lost his balance,

and began to slip; so he slipped down from the roof, straight into the great trough, and was drowned. Red Cap and her aunt, who had now ventured to look out at the door, saw how well their plan had succeeded, and that the wicked wolf was dead. Then Red Cap walked joyfully home, and no one did her any harm.



THE HISTORY

OF

PRINCE CHERIE.




PRINCE CHERIE
AND THE
FAIRY
CANDID

Prince Cherie and the Fairy Candid.

While the days of the fairies still lasted, there lived a king so wise and beneficent in all his actions that he was called by the name of the Good King. One day in hunting, a white rabbit, being closely pursued by the hounds, threw itself into his arms. The king stroked the little creature, and said, "As you have placed yourself under my protection, I will take care you are not hurt." He had the rabbit carried to his palace, and a little house made for it, and bade his servants give it nice food. One day, while the king was alone in his chamber, suddenly a beautiful lady appeared; her dress was white as snow, and her head was crowned with a wreath of white roses. The king was very much surprised to see this lady, for the door of his room was closed, and he was puzzled to know how she could have found admission; when she said to him, "I am the fairy Candid. Passing through the wood while you were

hunting, I was curious to know if you were as good as everybody says that you are. To ascertain this, I assumed the shape of a rabbit, and took refuge in your arms; for I was sure that he who would pity a little rabbit, could not be unmerciful to his fellow-creatures; while, had you refused me your protection, I should have concluded that, with all your show of goodness, you were wicked in your heart. I am come to thank you for your kind offices to me, and to assure you that I will always be your friend. You may command me in all things within my power, and I promise to grant you what you desire."

"Madam," said the king, "I have an only son, who is called Prince Cherie; and if you have any affection for me, become, for my sake, his friend and protector."

"Willingly," said the fairy; "I can make your son the handsomest, the richest, or the most powerful prince in the world; choose whichever of these gifts you like best for him."

"I desire none of them for my son," answered the good king; "but I shall be very much obliged to you if you will make him *the best* of all princes. Of what service to him would be his beauty, or his riches, or the possession of all the kingdoms in the world, if he were wicked?"

"You have well spoken," said Candid; "but it is not in my power to make the prince a good man in spite of

himself. All that I can promise you is, to give him good advice, to point out his faults to him, and to punish him if he will not correct them and punish himself by repentance."

The good king was very well satisfied with this promise, and shortly afterwards he died. Prince Cherie wept very much for his father, for he loved him dearly, and would have given all his gold and his silver, and all his kingdoms, to have saved his life. Two days after the good king's death, as Cherie was reclining on a sofa, the fairy Candid appeared to him. "I promised your father," said she, addressing herself to him, "to be your friend; and to keep my word, I am come to make you a present." She then placed on his finger a gold ring, and continued, "Take great care of this ring; it is plain, but it is more precious than any diamond: whenever you are about to commit a bad action, it will prick your finger; but remember that if, in spite of its warning, you persevere in an evil deed, you will forfeit my friendship; nay, I shall become your enemy." As she finished these words, Candid disappeared, and left the prince very much astonished and delighted with his present. He was for some time so wise and good that the ring did not prick him at all. After a while, as he was one day hunting, he was so unsuccessful as not to take anything whatever. This put him in rather an ill humour, and he thought that he felt his ring pricking his finger, but so gently

that he did not take much notice of it. As he was returning to his chamber, his little dog ran as usual to meet him, and leaped round him to be caressed; but the prince was not in a humour to play with him, and in his anger he gave the little dog a kick, when instantly the ring pricked him as sharply as if it had been a pin. Ashamed and confused, he seated himself in a corner of his chamber, saying to himself, "Surely the fairy is making sport of me; for what great crime have I committed in kicking an animal that was teasing me? To what purpose do I rule over a large empire, if I may not even beat my dog?"

"I am not making sport of you," said a voice in answer to the thoughts which were thus passing in Cherie's mind; "you have, instead of one, committed three faults. You first lost your temper, because you cannot bear to be crossed, even in trifles, but think that men and beasts are made to obey you. You next put yourself in a passion with your dog, who could not understand you; and lastly, you were cruel enough to kick the poor animal, who did not deserve ill-treatment. I know that you are much above a dog, and that you are the king of a great empire; but the advantage of being a ruler over others does not consist in the power of committing all the evil to which we feel disposed, but in the practice of all the good that lies within our power."

Cherie had not yet lost his sense of right; he acknow-

ledged his faults, and promised to correct them. He did not, however, keep his word.

His ring soon pricked him very often: sometimes he stopped at its warning, and at others continued his course without heeding it. The nature of the ring was such that it only pricked him gently for a slight fault; but when he was very wicked, it actually made his finger bleed. At last, growing impatient of this check, and wishing to be wicked at his ease, he threw the ring from him. He now thought himself the happiest of men. He gave himself up to all the folly that entered into his mind; so that he soon became the terror and the disgust of his subjects.

One day as Cherie was walking in the fields, he saw a young woman, so extremely beautiful, that he at once felt a desire to marry her. She was called Zelia, and was as wise as she was beautiful. Cherie accosted her, thinking that Zelia would esteem herself very happy to become a great queen; but to his surprise she at once replied to his addresses, "Sire, I am but a shepherdess, and have no fortune; but notwithstanding that I will never marry you."

"Is my appearance, then, displeasing to you?" asked Cherie.

"No, my prince," answered Zelia; "I find you, as you really are, very handsome. But of what use to me would be your beauty, your riches, the fine clothes, the mag-

nificent carriages that you would give me, if the evil actions of which I hear should force me to despise and to hate you?"

Cherie was so enraged at this that he commanded his officers to carry Zelia by force into his palace. He was occupied all day with reflections on the contempt that she had shown for him; but, as he still loved her, he could not determine to ill-treat her. One of Cherie's favourites, on seeing him very sorrowful, inquired the subject of his grief; and the prince having answered him that he could not endure Zelia's contempt, and that he was resolved to correct his faults, the wicked man said to him, "This is a very pretty business indeed; if I were in your place, I would compel this girl to obey me. Remember that you are king, and that it would be a disgrace for you to submit to the whims of a poor shepherdess, who should be too happy to be admitted into the number of your slaves. Put her into prison, and feed her on bread and water; and if she still refuses you, put her to death at once, and thus teach others to yield to your wishes. It would be disgraceful, were it known that you could thus be so easily turned from your course; your subjects would forget that they are born to attend upon you and obey."

"But," said Cherie, "shall I not be disgraced if I put an innocent person to death? for, after all, Zelia is guilty of no crime."

"No one can be innocent who refuses to yield to your wishes," replied the cunning villain; "but supposing that you committed an unjust action, even that would be better than that it should be said you allowed any one to show you a want of respect, or to contradict you."

Cherie was moved; and the fear of seeing his authority diminished made so much impression upon him, that he stifled his first impulse to correct himself. He resolved to go to the room in which the shepherdess was confined, and not to spare her if she still refused to marry him.

On entering the shepherdess's room, Cherie was much surprised not to find her there, for he had kept the key in his own pocket. He was in a terrible rage, and vowed vengeance on all that he suspected of having favoured her escape. His confidants, hearing him talk thus, resolved to take advantage of his anger to sacrifice a lord who had been Cherie's guardian. That good man had sometimes taken the liberty of telling the king of his faults, for he loved him as his son. At first the prince thanked him; he gradually, however, grew impatient at his remonstrances; and at last thought that it was in the spirit of opposition only that his guardian found fault with him when everybody else praised him. He ordered him to withdraw from the court; but, notwithstanding that order, he would say from time to time that he was a good man; and although perhaps he no longer loved him, he could not help esteeming him in

spite of himself. The confidants, therefore, were continually in fear lest he should take it into his head to recall his guardian, and they believed that they had now found a favourable opportunity to get rid of him for ever. They gave the king to understand that Suliman (which was this worthy guardian's name) had boasted that he would set Zelia at liberty; and three men were induced by rich bribes to say that they had heard Suliman affirm as much. The prince, in a transport of rage, ordered his soldiers to fetch the old man chained like a criminal. After giving this order, Cherie retired to his chamber; but he had no sooner entered it than the earth began to shake, and after a loud peal of thunder the fairy appeared before him. "I promised your father," said she to him, in a stern voice, "to give you good advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it; you have treated my counsel with contempt; you still preserve the outward appearance of a man, but your crimes have changed you into a monster, the horror of earth and of heaven. It is now time that I fulfil my promise to your father by punishing you for your guilt. You are doomed to become like the beasts whose inclinations you have adopted. You have made yourself like the lion by your fury, like the wolf by your gluttony, like the serpent by outraging him who was your second father, like the bull by your ferocity. Bear, then, in your new form, the character of all these animals."

The fairy ceased to speak, and Cherie saw with horror that her sentence was accomplished. He had a lion's head, a bull's horns, a wolf's feet, and a serpent's tail. In a moment he found himself in a large forest, and on the border of a rivulet, in which he saw reflected his horrible transformation.

Cherie thought that by removing from the rivulet he should lessen his troubles, since he would no longer have his ugliness and deformity before his eyes; so he penetrated into the wood; but he had not advanced many steps when he fell into a pit that had been dug to entrap bears. In an instant the huntsmen, who had been concealed in the trees, came down, and having bound him in chains, they conducted him to the capital city of his own kingdom. On the road, instead of acknowledging that he had drawn this punishment on himself by his faults, he cursed the fairy, gnashed his chains between his teeth, and abandoned himself to his fury. As he approached the capital he perceived everywhere great rejoicings; and on the huntsmen asking what had occurred, they were informed that Prince Cherie, who only took delight in tormenting his people, had been destroyed in his chamber by a thunderbolt; for thus it was believed. "Heaven," added their informants, "could no longer endure the excess of his wickedness, and has rid the earth of the monster." It was stated also, that four lords, his accomplices in crime, thought to profit by his destruction,

and to share the empire between them; but that the people, who knew that it was by their evil advice that the king had fallen, had cut them in pieces, and had offered the crown to Suliman, the good man whom the wicked prince wished to put to death.

"That worthy guardian of the late king has just been crowned," said an old man, "and we celebrate the day as that of the kingdom's deliverance; for he is virtuous, and will restore peace and abundance to the land."

Cherie groaned with rage at overhearing this discourse; but it was much worse for him when he arrived at the large square before his palace. He saw Suliman on a superb throne, and heard all the people bless him, and pray for his long life, that he might repair the evils they had suffered under his predecessor. Suliman then expressed by signs that he wished to be heard, and thus addressed the multitude:—"I have accepted the crown you have offered me," said he; "but it is only to preserve it for our prince. I have reason to believe that he is not dead, and perhaps you may yet see him return as virtuous as he was in his youth. Alas!" he continued, weeping, "flatterers seduced him; I know his heart—it was formed for virtue; and but for the poisonous discourse of those around him, he would have been the father of us all. Detest, therefore, his vices, but pity his misfortunes; and let us all unite to pray that he may repent of them and be restored to us."

Suliman's words touched Cherie's heart. He then felt how sincere had been the fidelity and attachment of this good old man; and for the first time since his punishment he felt remorse for his crimes. Softened by this good feeling, he felt the rage that had agitated him gradually cool; and he reflected on the many crimes of his life, and acknowledged that he was not punished so rigorously as he deserved. He ceased to struggle in the iron cage in which he was confined, and became as quiet as a lamb. He was conducted to a large menagerie, in which were kept all sorts of monsters and wild beasts, and he was chained up among the rest.

Cherie resolved that he would lose no opportunity of repairing his faults; he therefore conducted himself very obediently towards the man who had the care of him. This man was a ruffian; and although the monster was very gentle, he yet beat him without reason. One day as his keeper was lying asleep, a tiger, having broken his chain, sprung upon him to devour him. Cherie could not for a moment repress a slight emotion of joy at seeing himself about to be thus delivered from his persecutor; but he immediately repressed this feeling, and anxiously regretted that he was not at liberty. "I would return," said he, "good for evil by saving the life of this unfortunate man."

No sooner had he thus determined, than he saw his cage-door open; he sprang to the assistance of the man,

who was awakened and defending himself against th tiger. The keeper thought he was lost indeed, when h saw the monster; but his fear was soon changed t joy; for Cherie sprang upon the tiger, strangled it, an crouched himself humbly at the feet of the man whom h had just saved. Penetrated with gratitude, the keepe would have caressed the monster who had done him s signal a service; but as he stooped, he heard a voic saying, "A good action must not go unrewarded;" a the same moment, to his great surprise, he saw but pretty little dog at his feet. Cherie, charmed at hi change, leaped up and caressed his keeper, who took hin in his arms and carried him to the king, to whom h related the wonderful occurrence that had just take place. The queen, charmed with his goodness, wishe to have the dog; and Cherie would have been very wel contented with his new condition, could he but hav forgotten that he was once a man and a king.

One day, directly after his bread had been given hin for his breakfast, he took it into his head that he woul go and eat it in the palace garden. He took it in hi mouth, therefore, and went straight towards a strean which he recollected as being a short distance from th palace. But to his surprise the stream was no longe there, and in its place he saw a large house, the outsid of which was brilliantly ornamented with gold an precious stones.

He observed an immense number of men and women, magnificently dressed, all going into this house; and from the interior he heard singing, dancing, and other indications of the good cheer that was to be found there: but he observed that all those who quitted the house were pale, thin, covered with sores, and nearly naked, for their clothes were torn to tatters. Some fell dead as they crossed the threshold, apparently entirely exhausted; others remained stretched on the ground at a short distance from the door, dying with hunger; and a few only had sufficient strength to drag themselves away. The poor creatures who were lying on the ground begged with tears for a morsel of bread from those who were going into the house, but were passed by without even a look. Cherie observed a young girl who was trying to gather some grass to eat; and, touched with compassion, said to himself, "I have a good appetite, it is true, but I shall not die of hunger before my dinner-time; and if I sacrifice my breakfast to this poor creature, perhaps I may be the means of saving her life." He resolved to obey this good impulse, and put his bread into the young girl's hand, who carried it with avidity to her mouth. She soon appeared to be entirely restored, and Cherie, transported with joy at having succoured her so opportunely, was thinking of returning to the palace, when he heard loud cries: it was Zelia in the hands of four men, who were dragging her towards the fine house, and were about to force her into it.

Cherie then regretted that he had lost the shape and powers of the monster, which would have enabled him to rescue her; but, as a weak dog, he was only driven away with kicks and curses. He resolved, however, not to leave the place, in order that he might ascertain what became of Zelia. He upbraided himself with her misfortunes.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "I am irritated against those who are now carrying her off, but have I not committed against her the same crime? And if the justice of Heaven had not frustrated my intentions, should I not have treated her with as much or more indignity?"

Cherie's reflections were interrupted by a noise which he heard over his head. He saw a window opened, and his joy was extreme at perceiving Zelia, who threw out of the window a plate full of victuals, so nicely cooked, that the very sight of them was enough to create an appetite. The window was immediately closed again; and Cherie, who had not eaten all day, thought that he might as well take advantage of this opportunity. He was just about to eat, when the young girl, to whom he had given his bread, uttered a cry; and taking him in her arms, "Poor little animal," said she, "touch not those tempting viands; that house is the palace of luxury, and all that comes from it is poisoned." At the same time Cherie heard a voice saying, "You see again that a good action does not go unrewarded;" and he was imme-

diately changed into a little white pigeon. His first wish now was to go to Zelia; and, rising in the air, he flew all round the house. He saw with joy that there was a window open; he flew all over the house, but in vain. He resolved, however, not to rest until he should meet with her. He flew onwards for many days; and having at last entered on a desert, he perceived a cavern, into which he entered, when, behold, Zelia was seated therein by the side of a venerable old woman, and was sharing her frugal meal. Cherie, transported, flew on the shoulder of the shepherdess, and expressed, by his caresses, the pleasure he felt at seeing her again. Zelia, who was charmed with the bird's gentleness, softly stroked him with her hand; and although she thought he could not understand her, she told him that she accepted the gift that he made of himself, and said she would always love him.

"What have you done, Zelia?" said the hermit; "you have just pledged your faith."

"Yes, charming shepherdess," said Cherie to her, resuming at that moment his natural form, "the end of my enchantment, then, depended upon your consent to our union. You have promised to love me always; confirm my happiness, or I will conjure the fairy Candid, my protectress, to restore to me that form under which I had the happiness to please you."

"You need not fear," said Candid, who, quitting the

figure of the old woman, under which she had been co
ccaled, appeared in her proper person. "The chan
that has taken place in your heart allows her to give w
to that tenderness which she has long felt. Live fro
henceforth happily together, since your union will
founded on virtue."

Cherie and Zelia threw themselves at the fairy Candid
feet. The prince could not sufficiently thank her for h
goodness; and Zelia, delighted to learn that the prin
had abandoned his errors, confirmed to him the pleasin
confession of her love. "Rise, my children," said th
fairy to them, "I will transport you to your palace;
will restore to Cherie a crown, of which his vices ha
rendered him unworthy." She ceased, and Cherie foun
himself with Zelia in the chamber of Suliman. Th
good man, charmed to see his master return, restored
himself and to virtue, joyfully gave up to him h
throne; after which Cherie and Zelia enjoyed a long ar
prosperous reign.

THE

GOLDEN GOOSE.





The Story
OF THE
Golden Goose.

The Golden Goose.

THERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dummling (Simpleton), and who was always ill-treated and neglected by the whole family.

It happened one day that the eldest son wished to go into the forest to cut wood; and his mother gave him a piece of meat and a bottle of wine to take with him for refreshment.

As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty." But the saucy young man said, "If I should give you my meat and wine, I should not have enough left for myself—so be off about your business."

He now began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his aim, and cut himself in the arm, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him, too, some meat and a bottle of wine.

And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for a part of his good cheer. But he, too, thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever I give you, I shall lose myself; so be off!"

The little man departed, but the youth had his punishment; the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, fell on his leg; so that he was forced, like the other, to go home and get his wound dressed.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both hurt themselves; you had better stay at home, for you are not fit for the business."

But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go then, perhaps you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some coarse bread, and a bottle of sour beer.

When he went into the wood, he also met the little old man, who said, "Give me something to eat and drink for I am very hungry and thirsty."

Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if you don't mind such poor fare, we will sit down and eat it together."

So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a pasty, and his sour beer was turned into wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have such a kind heart, and have been willing to share

what you had with me, I will put you in the way of good fortune. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found under it a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he intended to sleep for the night.

The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very eager to know about this wonderful bird, and to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail.

At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling went out, and then seized the goose by the wings; but neither hand nor finger could she get away again.

Then in came the second sister, and meant to take a feather, too; but the moment she touched her sister, she became fastened to her.

At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for pity's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may be there too." So she ran up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast to them. And so they were obliged to stop with the goose all night.

The next morning Dummling carried off the goose

under his arm; and gave himself no trouble about the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he went, they, too, were forced to follow, now here, now there, whether they would or no.

In the middle of the field the parson met them; and when he saw this strange processsion, he called out, "For shame, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields! Is that proper behaviour?" He then took hold of the youngest by the hand to pull her away; but as soon as he touched her he hung fast, and was obliged to follow in the train.

Presently up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and shouted out, "Stop! stop! your reverence! whither so fast? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took hold of him by the sleeve, and there he stuck fast, too.

As the five were thus trudging along, one after another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from the field; and the parson cried out to them to set them free. But scarcely had they touched the clerk, when they, too, fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so melancholy a turn of mind that no one could make her her laugh; and the king had made a proclamation, that

whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife.

When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she looked out of the window, and saw the seven all hanging together, and treading on each other's heels, she burst into such a fit of laughter as if she would never give over.

Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and they were immediately married, and led a long and happy life together.





THE GIANT

WITH

THE GOLDEN HAIRS.









The Giant with the Golden Hairs.

THERE was once a poor man and his wife, and they had a son, of whom it was foretold that he should prosper in all that he undertook, and that he should one day marry the king's daughter. The king heard of this; and when he found the parents of the boy were so poor, he was very ill pleased, and determined that he should never marry his daughter. So he went, disguised as a stranger, to the parents, and asked them whether they would sell him their son.

"No," said they; but as he begged very hard, an said he would give a great deal of money for the chil and would take great care of him, and as they ha scarcely bread to eat, they at last agreed, thinking t themselves, he is a lucky child; no harm will happe to him.

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rod away; but when he came to a deep stream, he threw i into the water, saying to himself, "My daughter shal never have you for a husband." So the box floate down the stream, but no water reached the child; till, a last, about two miles from the king's capital, it stoppe at a mill-dam. The miller soon saw it, and took a lon pole and drew it towards the shore, and finding it heavy thought it was full of money; but when he opened it, h found a pretty little boy. Now, the miller and his wif had no children, and they rejoiced to see the foundling saying, "Heaven has sent it to us." So they treated th boy very kindly, and brought him up carefully in vir tuous principles.

About thirteen years afterwards, the king came b chance to the mill, and asked the miller if that wa his son.

"No," said he; "I found him, when a babe, in a bo in the mill-dam."

"How long ago?" asked the king.

"About thirteen years," said the miller.



THE GIANT WITH THE GOLDEN HAIRS.

all over with blood, as if several persons had been killed there. She immediately remembered what she had heard of Bluebeard's former wives, and now she believed that this was the very room in which he had put them to death.

The poor young lady, as may be supposed, was ready to faint with fear; and, in her confusion, the key of the closet, which she had drawn from the lock, fell from her hand on the floor.

When she had a little recovered from her fright, she picked up the key, locked the door, and hastened back to the company; but she trembled so greatly that she could hardly speak to them. Finding that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she endeavoured to cleanse it by wiping it with her handkerchief; but the blood was immoveable: she then washed it, and afterwards scoured it with sand and brick-dust, but the blood still remained on the key, in spite of all her efforts. The truth is, the key was an enchanted one, the gift of a fairy, and could not be cleansed: as fast as the blood was rubbed off one spot, it appeared on another.

The company soon after this returned home, wondering at the altered appearance of the bride. Her sister Anne only remained behind to keep her company.

Bluebeard shortly arrived at home, and his wife received him as cheerfully as she could. The next morning

he asked her for the keys; she gave them to him, but her hand trembled so much, that Bluebeard at once guessed that something was wrong.

"How is it," said he, "that the key of the closet is not here, with the others?"

"I must have left it up stairs on my dressing-table," said the wife.

"Bring it me immediately," replied Bluebeard.

After walking backwards and forwards several times, not knowing what to do, she at last took it up and brought it to Bluebeard. Having taken it into his hands and examined it, he asked his wife, "How came this stain on the key?"

"I am sure I do not know," was all that the poor terrified lady could reply.

"You do not know!" returned Bluebeard sternly; "you know too well, madam! You have been in the closet which I forbade you to enter. Very well; you shall go there again for your disobedience, and you shall be dealt with as I have already done with your predecessors."

The poor lady threw herself on her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly and displaying all the signs of a true repentance for having disobeyed him, and supplicated his pardon for her first fault in the most affecting terms. Her beauty and distress would have melted a rock; but Bluebeard was immoveable.

"No, madam," said he, "you shall die this very minute."

"Alas! if it must be so," answered she, regarding her relentless husband with streaming eyes, "at least let me retire for a short time to prepare myself for death."

"You shall have half a quarter of an hour," retorted Bluebeard, "but not a minute longer."

When Bluebeard had left her she ran up to her room and said to her sister, who was still with her, "Sister Anne, pr'ythee run to the top of the tower and see if my brothers are in sight; this is the day they promised to visit me. If you see them, make signs to them to gallop hither as fast as they can."

The sister immediately ascended to the battlements of the tower, and looked far and wide over the country; while the poor trembling lady cried out to her, "Anne! sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

Her sister said, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a mist, and the grass, which looks green."

In the meanwhile, Bluebeard, with a great sword in his hand, called in a voice of thunder to his wife, "Come down at once, or I will fetch you!"

"One moment, I beseech you," replied she; and again called softly to her sister, "Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

To which she answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a mist, and the grass which looks green."

Bluebeard now again cried out, "Come down, I say, this very moment, or I will come and fetch you."

"I am coming; indeed I will come in one minute," sobbed his wretched wife. Then she once more cried out, "Anne! sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust a little to the left."

"Do you think it is my brothers?" said the wife.

"Alas, no! dear sister," replied she; "it is only a flock of sheep."

"Will you come down, madam?" said Bluebeard, in the greatest rage.

"Only one single moment more," said she. And then she called out for the last time, "Sister Anne! sister Anne! do you see no one coming?"

"I see," replied her sister, "two men on horseback coming, but they are still a great way off."

"Thank God!" cried she, "it is my brothers; beckon them to make haste."

Bluebeard now cried out so loud for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house. The poor lady with her hair loose, and all in tears, now came down, and fell on her knees, begging him to spare her life; but he stopped her, saying, "It is of no use; you shall die:" and seizing her by the hair, he raised his sword to kill her. The poor woman now begged a single moment to say one prayer. "No, no," said Bluebeard, "I will give

you no more time; you have had too much already." He again raised his sword; but just at this instant a loud knocking was heard at the gates, which made Bluebeard wait for a moment to see what it was. The door flew open, and two knights in full armour came in, with their swords in their hands, and ran straight to Bluebeard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, tried to escape from their presence; but they pursued and seized him before he had gone twenty steps, and plunging their swords into his body, he fell down dead at their feet.

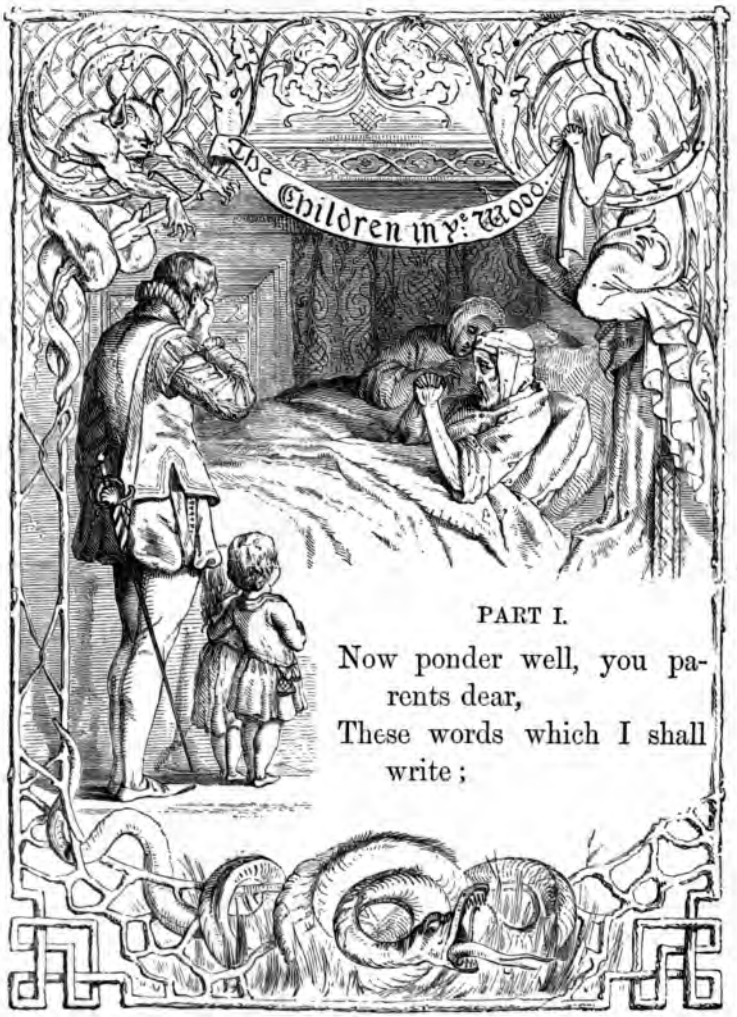
The poor wife, who was almost dead too with fear, was not able at first to rise and embrace her brothers; but she soon came to herself, and told them the whole story. As Bluebeard had no heirs, she now found herself by his death the owner of great wealth. She gave a part of her riches as a marriage-dowry to her sister Anne, who was soon afterwards married to a neighbouring count. Some of the money she laid out for her two brothers; some she gave to the poor, and to the service of religion, in remembrance of her happy deliverance. She became wiser than she had ever been before, and spent the rest of her life in great peace and happiness.



THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.





PART I.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;

A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
 For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
 "Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
 My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear:
 "O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery:

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone
 They kiss'd their children small :
"God bless you both, my children dear ;"
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there :
"The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not fear :
God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
 When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.





AWAY then went those pretty
babes
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry
mind,
They should on cockhorse
ride.
They prate and prattle
pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their
butchers be
And work their lives, decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made murder's heart relent:
And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hirèd him
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
 About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
 Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
 And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
 When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due relief;
No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
Till Robin-redbreast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

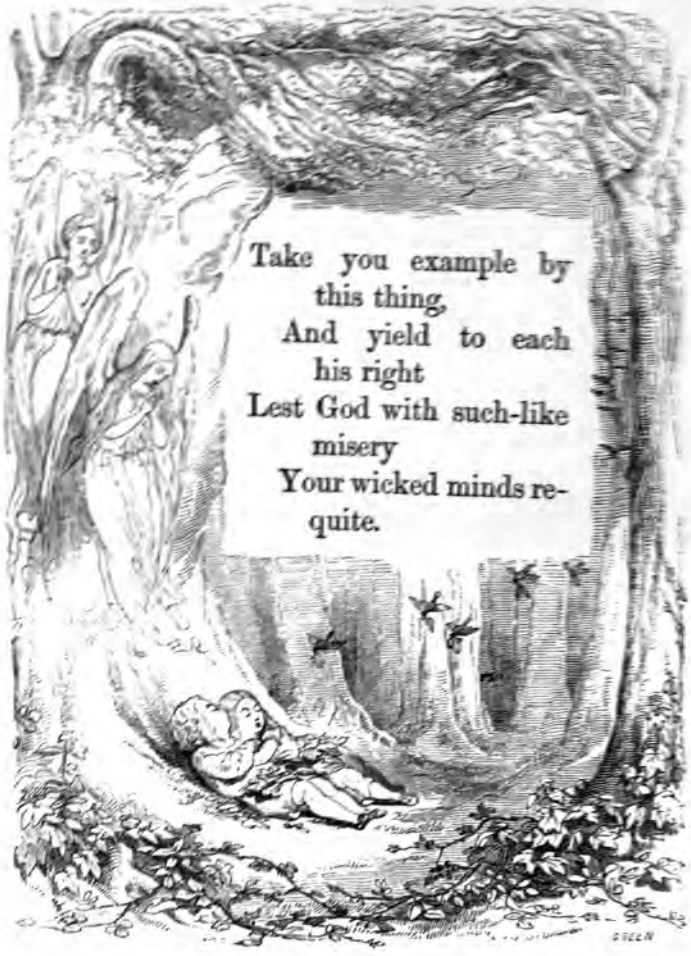
And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made,

His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

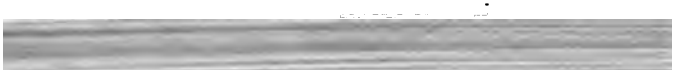
The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having died in jail,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;


Take you example by
this thing,
And yield to each
his right
Lest God with such-like
misery
Your wicked minds re-
quite.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.







CHAPTER I.

THE renowned King Pepin of France had a sister named Bellisance, who was exceedingly beautiful, and who was asked in marriage by many kings and princes.

The lady's choice fell upon Alexander, emperor of Constantinople, who came to the court of King Pepin to espouse the princess. Great rejoicings took place on the occasion, in all parts of the kingdom; and soon after the marriage the emperor took his leave, and carried his lovely bride in great splendour and triumph to Constantinople.

The Emperor Alexander's prime minister was a selfish and tyrannical man; but unhappily his influence with the emperor was very great. This man, observing the gentleness and sweetness of the Lady Bellisance, began to fear that she would undermine his influence, and he wickedly resolved to seek the destruction of the innocent empress. The emperor was of a credulous and suspicious temper, and the prime minister found means at length to infuse into his mind suspicions of the empress. One day when the emperor was alone, he entered the apartment, and prostrating himself at his master's feet, said: "May heaven guard your majesty from the base attempts of the wicked and treacherous! I seek not the death of any man, nor may I reveal the name of the person who has intrusted to me a dreadful secret; but, in the most solemn manner, I conjure your majesty to beware of the designs of your empress; for that beautiful and attractive lady is faithless and disloyal, and is even now planning your overthrow and dethronement. Alas! my heart is ready to burst with indignation, to think that a lady of such

charms, and the sister of a great king, should become so dishonourable and wicked."

The emperor, giving implicit faith to his favourite's tale, could no longer restrain his fury; and abruptly leaving him, he rushed into the apartment of the empress, and in the fiercest manner dragged the fair Bellisance about the chamber by her long and beautiful hair. "Alas! my dear lord," she cried, "what moves you to this outrage?"

"Base wretch!" he exclaimed, "I am but too well informed of your wicked proceedings;" then dashing her with violence upon the ground, he left her speechless. The attendants of the empress, finding her lying senseless on the floor, uttered loud screams, which presently brought all the courtiers into the chamber. Every one was sorry for their amiable queen; and the nobles demanded an audience of the emperor, to represent to him the wrongs he had done to an honourable lady, with whom no one before had ever found any fault. But the emperor was yet mad with passion, and to their representations he answered, "Let no man dare to defend her who has basely betrayed me. She shall die; and they who interfere in her behalf shall partake in the dreadful punishment that awaits disloyalty and treason."

The empress being recovered from her swoon, then fell upon her knees, and thus addressed the emperor: "Alas! my lord, take pity on one who never harboured an evil

thought against your person or dignity; and if not upon me, at least I implore you have compassion on your two children! Let me be imprisoned or put to death, if it so pleaseth you; but, I beseech you, save my poor children!"

The rash emperor, misled by the false tales of the prime minister, would not hearken to her; and the courtiers, perceiving that nothing could mitigate his rage, removed Bellisance from his presence.

Her faithful servant, Blandiman, now threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Ah! madam, let me prevail on you to quit this unhappy place, and suffer me to conduct you and your children to your brother, the good King Pepin. Innocent and noble lady, follow my counsel; for if you stay here, the emperor will bring you to a shameful death."

"No, my faithful servant," replied she; "I cannot follow your advice. If I should steal away privately from the court, it might be said I had fled because I was guilty. No; I had rather die the most cruel death than bear the blame of that of which I am innocent."

The emperor so far relented, that he would not pronounce sentence of execution upon his queen; yet, as his mind was continually excited by false accusations against her, he resolved to banish her from his dominions, and immediately commanded her to quit Constantinople. At the same time he published an edict, forbidding all per-

sons, on pain of death, to assist or succour the unfortunate lady, allowing her no other attendant than her servant Blandiman, whom she had brought with her from France. Sentence being thus pronounced, the queen, Blandiman, and the two children, hastened away. As she passed through the city, she was met by multitudes of people lamenting the loss of so good an empress. When she had left Constantinople, "Alas!" cried she, "in what unhappy hour was I born, to fall from so high an estate to so low a condition as I am now in!"

As she was thus complaining and weeping with anguish, her servant said to her, "Madam, be not discomforted, but trust in Providence, who will keep and defend you."

Having thus spoken, he espied a fountain, towards which he and his lady took their way. After refreshing themselves at the fountain, they proceeded towards France. Many weary days and nights had been travelled, when, arriving at the forest of Orleans, the disconsolate princess was so overcome with grief and fatigue, that she sunk down, and was incapable of proceeding farther. Her faithful attendant gathered the fallen leaves and the moss to make a couch for her to rest on, and then hastened quickly away, to seek some habitation where he might procure food and assistance for his unfortunate mistress.

During Blandiman's absence the empress fell asleep,

while her two infant boys were laid in the couch beside her, when suddenly a huge bear rushed out, and, snatching up one of the children in its mouth, hastened into the thickest part of the forest. The wretched mother, distracted at the fate of her child, pursued the bear with shrieks and lamentations, till, overcome with anguish and terror, she fell into a swoon near the mouth of the cave into which the bear had carried her child.

It happened that King Pepin, accompanied by several great lords and barons of his court, was that same day hunting in the forest of Orleans, and chanced to pass near the tree where the other little boy lay sleeping on its bed of moss. The king was astonished with the beauty of the child, who opened his eyes as the king stood gazing on him, and, smiling, stretched out its little arms, as if to ask protection. "See, my lords," said King Pepin, "this lovely infant seems to solicit my favour. Here is no one to claim it, and I will adopt it for my own."

The king little imagined it was his nephew, the son of his sister Bellisance, that he now delivered into the hands of one of his pages, who took the babe to Orleans to be nursed, and gave it, by the king's orders, the name of Valentine, because it was found on St. Valentine's day.

Blandiman, who had now returned, after looking in vain for assistance, missed his mistress; and after searching the forest for her, he at length espied her on the

ground, tearing her hair, and uttering piercing cries of grief. "Ah, Blandiman!" she exclaimed, "can there exist in the world a being more encompassed with grief and sorrow? I left Constantinople the mother of two beautiful children, my only comfort under my bitter



THE GIANT CARRYING OFF THE EMPRESS.

sorrow. A ravenous bear has now snatched one from my arms, and a no less cruel beast of prey has doubtless devoured the other. At the foot of yonder tree I left it

when I pursued the bear; but no trace of either of my children remains. Go, Blandiman, leave me here to perish, and tell the emperor of Constantinople to what a horrible fate he, by listening to evil counsel, has destined his innocent wife and children."

At this moment they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a huge giant, who immediately attempted to seize the empress. Blandiman sprung to his feet, stepped in before him, and began to draw and defend himself. His efforts, however, were unavailing: the giant prevailed, and slew him; and throwing the unfortunate lady over his shoulder, he proceeded towards his castle.

CHAPTER II.

MEANTIME the bear that had carried away the infant bore it to its cave, and laid it down unhurt before her young ones. The young bears, however, did not devour it, but stroked it with their rough paws; and the old bear, perceiving their kindness for the little babe, gave it milk, and nourished it in this manner for the space of

a whole year. The child became hardy and robust; and as he grew in strength he began to range the forest, and attack the wild beasts with such fury that they used to shun the cave where he continued to live with the old bear, who loved him with extreme fondness. He passed this kind of life during eighteen years; growing to such wonderful strength, that he was the terror of the neighbouring country. The name of Orson was given to him, because he was nurtured by a bear; and the renown of this wild man spread over all France. He could not speak, and uttered no other sounds than a wild kind of howl to express either his anger or his joy. King Pepin often entertained a great desire to see this wild man of the woods; and one day rode with his retinue into the forest of Orleans in hopes of meeting him. The king, leaving his train at some distance, rode on, and passed near the cave which Orson inhabited. On hearing the sound of horses' feet, the wild man rushed upon the king, and would have strangled him in an instant but for a valiant knight, who galloped up and wounded Orson with his sword. Orson then quitted the king, and, running furiously upon the knight, caught him and his horse and overthrew both. The king, being quite unarmed, could not assist the knight, but rode away to call the attendants to his rescue. However, before they arrived on the spot, the unfortunate knight was torn to pieces, and Orson had fled to the thickest part of the forest,

where all their endeavours could not discover him. The noise of this adventure increased every one's terror of the wild man, and the neighbouring villages were nearly abandoned by their inhabitants.

Valentine, in the mean while, had been educated in all kinds of accomplishments with the king's two sons and his fair daughter, Eglantine. Nothing could exceed the fondness of the young people for each other; indeed, there never was a lovelier princess than Eglantine, or a more brave and accomplished youth than Valentine. The king observing his inclination for arms, indulged him with armour and horses, and after creating him knight gave him a command in his army that was about to march against the Saracens. Valentine soon distinguished himself above the other leaders in battle. He fought near the king's side; and when his majesty was taken by a troop of the pagans, Valentine rushed through their ranks, slew hundreds of them, and, replacing the king on his horse, led him off in triumph. Afterwards, when the Saracen city was besieged, he was the first to scale the walls and place the Christian standard on the battlements. By his means a complete victory was obtained, and peace restored to France.

Valentine having conquered the Saracens returned to the court of King Pepin, and was received with loud acclamations by the people, and joyfully welcomed by the Princess Eglantine. The distinctions and favour

showered on him raised the envy and hatred of the king's sons, who plotted together to destroy Valentine.

It happened very shortly after the return of Valentine from his victory over the Saracens, that a petition was presented to the king by a deputation of peasants, praying relief against Orson, the wild man of the woods; the fear of whom was now become so great that the peasants dared not go out to till their fields, nor the shepherds to watch their flocks. The king immediately issued a proclamation, saying, if any man would undertake to bring Orson dead or alive to the city, he should receive a thousand marks of gold.

"Sire," said his sons, "we think no person is so proper to undertake this enterprise as the foundling Valentine, on whom your majesty lavishes such great favours, and who, it seems, aspires to the hand of your daughter. Perhaps if he conquers the savage with his sword, you will not think it then too much to reward him with the hand of our sister Eglantine."

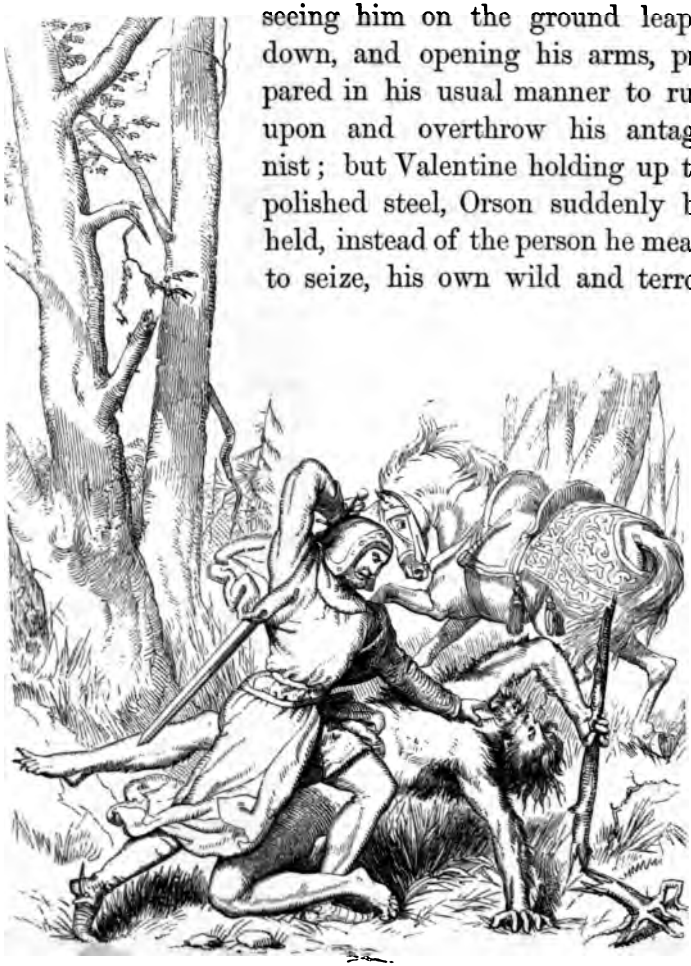
Valentine saw through the malicious design of the king's sons; and the king himself wished to protect him, and advised him not to encounter such an enemy.

"Pardon me, my liege," replied Valentine; "it concerns my honour that I go. I will encounter this danger, and every other, rather than not prove myself worthy of yourmajesty's favour and protection. Tomorrow I will depart for the forest at break of day."

When the Princess Eglantine heard of Valentine's determination, she sought to divert him from his purpose; but finding him inflexibly resolved to attack the wild man, she adorned him with a scarf, embroidered with her own hands, and then retired to her chamber to pray for his safety.

At the first dawn of morning Valentine arose, and putting on his armour, having his shield polished like a mirror, he departed for the forest; and having arrived there, he alighted, and tying his horse to a tree, penetrated into the thickest part of the wood in search of Orson. He wandered about a long time in vain; and being come near the mouth of a large cave, he thought that might be the hiding-place of the wild man. Valentine then climbed a high tree near the cave; and scarcely was he seated among the branches, when he heard Orson's roar in the forest. Orson had been hunting, and came with a swift pace, bearing a buck he had killed upon his shoulders. Valentine could not help admiring the beauty of his person, the grace and freedom of his motions, and his appearance of strength and agility. He felt a species of affection for the wild man, and wished it were possible to tame him without having recourse to weapons. Valentine now tore off a branch of the tree, and threw it at Orson's feet; who looking up, and espying Valentine in the tree, uttered a growl of fury, and darted up the tree like lightning.

Valentine as quickly descended on the other side. Orson seeing him on the ground leaped down, and opening his arms, prepared in his usual manner to rush upon and overthrow his antagonist; but Valentine holding up the polished steel, Orson suddenly beheld, instead of the person he meant to seize, his own wild and terror-



striking figure. Upon Valentine's lowering the shield, he again saw his enemy, and with a cry of transport prepared to grasp him in his arms. The strength of Orson was so very great, that Valentine was unable to defend himself without having recourse to his sword. When Orson received a wound from his sword, he uttered loud shrieks of anger and surprise, and instantly tearing up by the roots a large tree, furiously attacked Valentine. A dreadful fight now ensued, and the victory was a long time doubtful, Orson receiving many dreadful wounds from the sword of Valentine, and Valentine with great difficulty escaping from being crushed to death beneath the weighty club of Orson. At last Valentine's skill prevailed, and the wild man was conquered, and lay prostrate on the ground at his feet.

Valentine now made signs to Orson that he wished him to accompany him, on which he quietly suffered him to bind his hands; and Valentine having mounted his horse, the two brothers proceeded towards Orleans.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREVER they passed, the people, perceiving the wild man, ran into their houses and hid themselves. On arriving at an inn where Valentine intended resting during the night, the terrified inhabitants fastened their doors, and would not suffer them to enter. Valentine made signs to Orson, who, placing his shoulder against the door, forced it open in an instant; upon which the people of the inn all ran out at the back-door, and would not venture to return. A great feast was in preparation, and there were plenty of fowls and good provisions roasting at the fire. Orson tore the meat off the spit with his hands, and devoured it greedily; and espying a cauldron of water, he put his head into it and drank like a horse.

In the morning, Valentine resumed his journey, leading Orson as before. On arriving at the city, the inhabitants shut their doors, and ran into the highest rooms to gaze upon the wild man. Being come to the outer court of King Pepin's palace, the porter in a great fright barred the gate with heavy chains and bars of iron, and would not be prevailed upon to open it. After soliciting admittance for some time, and being still denied, Valentine made a sign to Orson, who, tearing up one of the

large stone-posts that stood by, shattered the gate to pieces. The queen, the Princess Eglantine, and all their attendants, fled to hide themselves when they heard that Orson was arrived; and Valentine had the greatest difficulty to persuade them to believe that Orson was no longer furious and savage as he had been in the woods. At length the king permitted him to be brought in; and the whole court soon gathered in a crowd in the apartment, and were much amused by his wild actions and gestures, although very cautious not to come near him. On Valentine's making signs, he kissed the king's robe, and the hand of the Princess Eglantine; for Orson had now become so attached to Valentine that he would obey him in all things, and would suffer no other person to attempt to control him. If Valentine went for a moment out of his sight, he would utter cries of distress, and overturn every one that stood in his way, while he ran about the palace in search of him; and he slept at night in Valentine's chamber, on the floor, for he could not be prevailed to lie on a bed.

Very soon after the capture of Orson, a herald appeared at the court of King Pepin, from the Duke of Aquitain, summoning all true knights to avenge the cause of the Lady Clerimont, daughter to the noble duke, who was held in cruel captivity by Atramont, the black knight: the herald proclaiming, that whoever should conquer him should receive the hand of the lady in

marriage, together with a princely dowry. This knight was so famous for his cruelty and his victories, that the young lords of the court all drew back, and were unwilling to enter the lists; for it was known that he was defended by enchantment; and it was his practice to hang upon a high tree all the knights whom he had defeated. Valentine, however, offered himself without hesitation; and though he did not intend to ask the lady in marriage, he nevertheless determined to attempt her rescue from the hands of the giant.

Valentine, followed by Orson as his squire, soon reached the castle of the black knight, and immediately demanded the freedom of the captive lady. This was refused, and the two knights at once began the combat. The fight was long and equal. At length Atramont demanded a parley: "Knight," said he to Valentine, "thou art brave and noble; behold, yonder hang twenty knights whom I have subdued and executed: such will be t' y fate; I give thee warning."

"Base traitor," replied Valentine, "I fear thee not; come on—I defy thee."

"First," rejoined the black knight, "fetch me yonder shield; for in pity to thy youth, I tell thee, unless thou canst remove that shield, thou never canst rescue the lady, or conquer me."

Valentine approached the shield; but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not loosen it from the tree, though

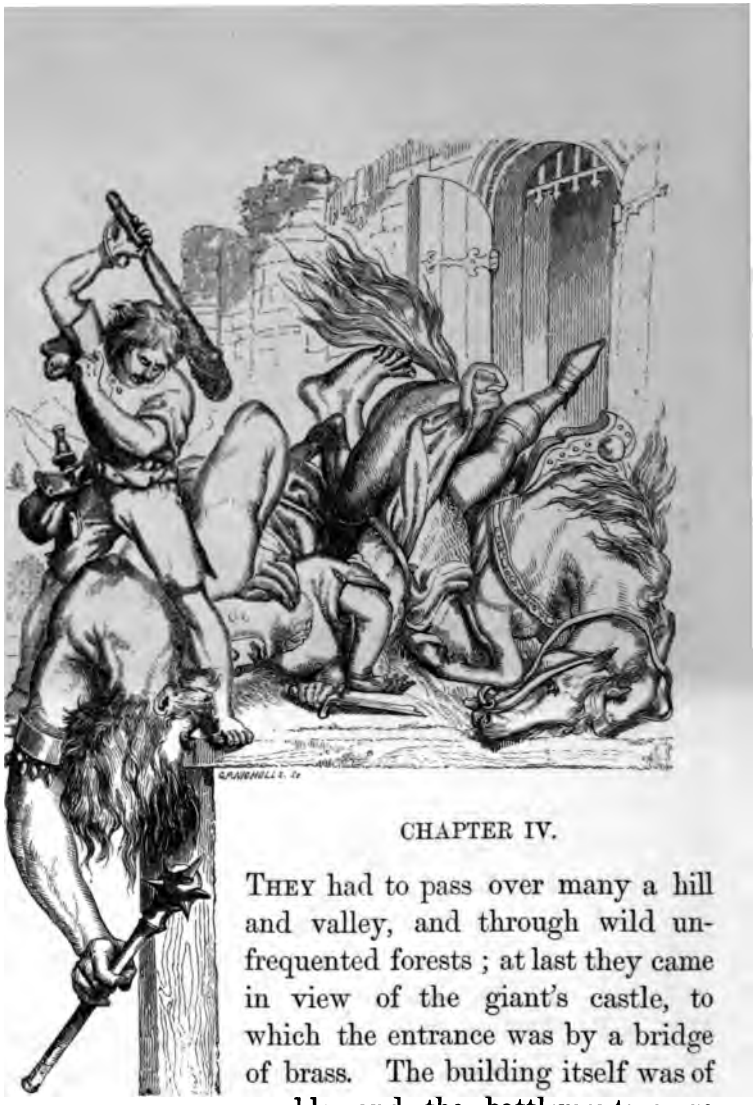
it appeared to hang but on a slender branch. Valentine, breathless with his exertions to pull down the shield, stood leaning against the tree, when Atramont, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "Fly and save thyself, fair knight; for since thou canst not move the shield, thou art not destined to be my victor. Further, know there is no one living who can subdue me, unless he be the son of a mighty king, and yet has been suckled by a wild beast."

Valentine started on hearing these last words, and immediately ran to Orson, and led him to the enchanted shield. On Orson's raising his arm towards it, it dropped instantly from its place. A loud blast of wind rushed through the trees, the ground rocked beneath their feet, and the black knight trembled and turned pale; then gnashing his teeth he seized his sword, and attacked Orson with desperate fury. At the first blow, Atramont's sword broke in pieces upon the enchanted shield. Next he caught up a battle-axe, which also snapped instantly in two. He then took a lance, which was shivered to atoms in the same manner. Furious with these defeats, he threw aside his weapons, and trusting to his great strength, attempted to grasp Orson in his arms: but Orson, seizing him as if he had been a mere child, dashed him on the ground, and would have instantly destroyed him, had not Valentine interposed to save his life. Orson continued to hold him down till some chains were

brought, when, in despite of the furious struggles of the black knight, Orson bound him in strong fetters, to lead him away a prisoner.

Atramont, finding himself conquered, addressed himself to Valentine, and said, "This savage man is my conqueror, and there is some mystery in his fate. Hasten to the castle of the giant Ferragus, where, if you can conquer him, you will find a brazen head, kept by a dwarf, that will explain to you who this savage is. You will also be able to set at liberty all the captives whom he keeps confined in his dungeons."

He then directed them on their way to the giant's castle; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, they took their departure.



CHAPTER IV.

THEY had to pass over many a hill and valley, and through wild unfrequented forests; at last they came in view of the giant's castle, to which the entrance was by a bridge of brass. The building itself was of marble, and the battlements were

surmounted by golden pinnacles, which glittered richly in the evening sun as the two brothers approached the castle. Beneath the bridge of brass a hundred bells were fastened by a strange device, so that neither man nor beast might pass over without a loud alarm being given. The moment the two travellers began to cross the bridge the bells sounded, and immediately the great gates of the castle were thrown open, and a huge giant stalked forth, bearing in his hand a knotted club of steel. He immediately summoned them in a voice of thunder to lay down their arms.

"Yield, you caitiffs!" said he, "or I will make you food for the wolves and birds of prey. No one comes here and escapes with his life as long as I can wield my good club."

"Vain boaster," replied Valentine, "I scorn you and your threats. I come determined to force the brazen gates of your castle and to set free your prisoners."

With these words he put spurs to his steed, and aimed his trusty spear at the giant's head. The first thrust made the giant bleed, who, in his turn, aimed a desperate blow at the knight. This happily missed, and left Valentine an opportunity of attacking the giant with his sword, which he did with the greatest courage, aiming blow after blow, first on one side, then on another, with the utmost agility and skill. But at last the giant, mad with pain and rage, saw that his adversary was beginning to

flag, and found opportunity to deal him a tremendous blow with his mace, which laid both horse and rider senseless on the ground. He now grinned a hideous grin, and, stooping down, he was about to aim a second blow, exclaiming, "Now, caitiff, breathe thy last." But before he could raise his arm to strike, two tremendous blows descended upon his own head, and the monster fell groaning to the earth. These blows came from the knotty club of Orson, who, seeing his friend's danger, ran up just in time to save him. The giant was dead; and Valentine soon began, with Orson's care and attention, to recover.

They now began to search the giant's castle, both to set free his captives and to search for the dwarf who should give the promised explanation. As they went through the gloomy apartments and dungeons, they found the bones of many murdered knights who had been overcome by the giant, and at last, in a little dim cell lighted by one small window, they found a lady lying on the ground and bathed in tears. At their entrance she lifted up her eyes and begged for mercy. Valentine gently raised her, and assured her that they were come to succour her, that the giant was killed, and that the castle-gates were thrown open. They then led her out of the dungeon into one of the apartments of the castle, and supplied her with food and wine, and attended to all her wants.

They then inquired her name and her story, when she related to them her whole history, as it has been already told, from the time of her marriage to the hour when the fierce giant slew her trusty attendant, and carried her off by force to the castle. But, when they heard her name, and that she was sister to King Pepin, they were beyond measure amazed and overjoyed; for they had often heard the sad story of the Empress of Constantinople, and how the emperor, after she had gone, had discovered the treachery of his prime minister, and had made long and anxious search for his wife and children, but in vain.



VALENTINE RELIEVING THE EMPRESS.

CHAPTER V.



VALENTINE and Orson determined therefore to set out for the coast of France as soon as the Lady Bellisance was able to travel, knowing how overjoyed the old king would be to see his long-lost sister. But, before taking their departure, they went to search for the dwarf, who at last was found in one of the turrets of the castle, and who immediately expressed his willingness to serve his deliverer, now that his cruel master was dead.

They desired him to lead them to the chamber where the brazen head was kept, which he immediately did. Valentine fixed his eyes upon the head, anxious to hear what it would say concerning his birth. At length it spake thus: "Thou, O renowned knight, art called Valentine the Brave, and art the man destined to be the husband of the Princess Eglantine of France. Thou art son to the Emperor of Greece, and thy mother is Bellisance, sister to King Pepin of France. She was unjustly banished from her throne, and, after many wanderings, she was seized by a giant and confined in a dungeon of this castle, where she has been for twenty years. The

wild man, who hath so long accompanied thee, is thy brother. You were both lost in the forest of Orleans. Thou wert found and brought up under the care of King Pepin thy uncle, but thy brother was stolen and nurtured by a bear. Proceed to France with the innocent empress thy hapless mother. Away, and prosper! These are the last words I shall utter. Fate has decreed, that when Valentine and Orson enter this chamber, my power ends."

Having thus spoken, the brazen head fell from its pedestal, and in the fall was broken into a thousand pieces.

The two youths stood for a moment fixed with astonishment; they then joyfully embraced each other, and rejoined the empress to tell her the extraordinary news they had just heard. Imagine her surprise when she saw before her her two long-lost sons. To describe her emotions on this joyful occasion would be impossible.

After the first transports were over, they prepared for their departure. The stables of the giant's castle furnished them with horses; and everything else necessary for their journey was found in its well-stored recesses. So, taking with them the dwarf as their servant, the whole party proceeded towards France.

The meeting of King Pepin and his dear sister was, we need not say, a happy and joyful one. A courier was

immediately despatched to Constantinople to inform the Emperor Alexander of the arrival of his empress at the capital of France. The messenger found him still mourning the loss of his innocent queen, and refusing all comfort from those around him, from the thought that by his own folly and rashness he had been the cause of her



banishment and death. The news was like life to the dead; and the emperor, as soon as he had sufficiently collected himself to give the proper orders, set off with

his whole court to meet his long-lost queen, and to bring her back in triumph to her throne. His delight was still further increased when he saw the two youths his sons, and embraced them for the first time since they were children.

Great rejoicings, feasts, dances, and tournaments were held in honour of these events in all parts of the French king's dominions; and, in due time, the emperor and his queen, accompanied by Orson, took their departure for their own country. Valentine remained at the court of his uncle, and was shortly after married to the fair Princess Eglantine.

At the death of the monarch they succeeded to the empire, and were blessed with a long and prosperous reign.







WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.





A MERCHANT once upon a time,
who had great store of gold,
Among his household placed a youth
sore pinch'd by want and cold;
No father and no mother watch'd
with love o'er this poor boy,
Whose dearest treasure was a cat,
his pet and only joy,
That came to him beseechingly
when death was at the door,
And kindly to relieve her wants
he shared his little store.

A grateful cat! no mice might live
where she put up to dwell,
And Whittington could sweetly sleep
while puss watch'd o'er his cell,
That once o'erran with vermin so,
no rest had he by night,
Placed in this garret vile to please
a vulgar menial's spite.
Now by the strand a gallant ship
lay ready to set sail,
When spoke the merchant, "Ho! prepare
to catch the fav'ring gale;
And each who will his fortune try,
haste, get your goods on board,
The gains ye all shall share with me,
whate'er they may afford;
From distant lands where precious musks
and jewels rare are found,
What joy to waft across the seas
their spoils to English ground!"
So hasted then each one on board,
with what he best could find,
Before the ship for Afric's strand
flew swiftly with the wind.
The little boy he was so poor,
no goods had he to try,
And as he stood and saw the ship,
a tear bedimm'd his eye,

To think how fortune smiled on all
except on his sad lot—
As if he were by gracious Heaven
neglected and forgot!
The merchant and his daughter too,
fair Alice, mark'd his grief,
And with a gentle woman's heart,
intent on kind relief,
She bade him bring his cat to try
her fortune o'er the sea;
"Who knows," she said, "what she may catch
in gratitude to thee!"
With weeping and with sore lament
he brought poor puss on board.
And now the ship stood out for sea,
with England's produce stored;
And as she sped far out of sight,
his heart was like to break;
His friend was gone that shared his crust,
far sweeter for her sake.
Humble his lot the merchant knew,
but knew not that the cook
With blows and cuffs the boy assail'd,
and surly word and look,
Until his life a burden seem'd,
too grievous to be borne,
Though Alice oft would pity him,
so lowly and forlorn.

Now musing long, the thought arose
his plight could scarce be worse,
And forth he rush'd into the fields,
regardless of his course.
The cutting winds blew bleak and cold
upon his shiv'ring breast,
His naked feet were pierced with thorns,
on every side distress'd;
He sank, o'erpower'd with grief and pain,
upon a wayside stone,
Bethinking there to end his days,
with none to make him moan:
And calling upon God for aid
in this last hour of need—
On God, who never yet refused
to hear the wretched plead.
And now the bells sound loud and clear,
as thus he lay forlorn,
Seeming to say, "O Whittington,
thou foolish boy, return!
Lord Mayor of London thou shalt be,
Dick Whittington, if thou
Wilt turn again, and meet thy lot
with bold and manly brow." *

* The six bells of Bow Church rung, and seemed to say to him,—

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London;
Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Up sprang the boy to hear such sounds,
so cheerful and so sweet,
He felt no more the piercing winds,
the thorns beneath his feet,
But raising up his eyes to Heaven,
he pray'd for strength to bear
Whatever in His wisdom God
might please to make him share.
And now his steps retracing fast,
good news he quickly hears,
How that a richly laden ship,
amid ten thousand cheers,
Had enter'd port from distant climes
full freighted with their gold,
By traffic gain'd for English wares
in honest barter sold.
With shout and song the crew rejoiced—
not less the folk on shore—
Told of adventures strange and rare
among the blackamoor;
And how their king was glad to see
our English sailors bold,
Who sat and ate and drank with him
from cups of purest gold.
Once on a day, amid their cheer,
when healths went gaily round,
How were the crew amazed to see,
in swarms upon the ground,

Unnumber'd rats and mice rush forth
and seize the goodly cheer,
While stood the wond'ring guests aloof,
o'erwhelm'd with dread and fear.
"Oh!" said the king, "what sums I'd giv
to rid me of such vile
Detested brutes, whose ravages
our bed and board defile!"
Now hearing this, the sailors straight
bethought them of the cat,
And said, "O king, we'll quickly rid
your palace of each rat."
"Indeed!" the king delighted said;
"go fetch her, quick as thought,
For such a treasure, many a year,
I've long and vainly sought;
And should she prove as ye have said,
your ship shall loaded be
With gold in heaps, so rich a prize
I deem your cat to be."
And now the cat did soon perform
such feats as ne'er were seen:
Oh, how the scampering, mangled rats
amused the king and queen!
Rich treasures now for Whittington
were sent on board the ship,
That laden with a golden freight
did let her cables slip,

And stood for England, while the breeze
a fav'ring impulse lent,
As if for sake of Whittington
both ship and breeze were sent.
And soon again the bells rang forth
a loud and merry strain,
For wealth and honours crowded now
on Whittington amain:
With gentle Alice for his bride
he stands before the priest,

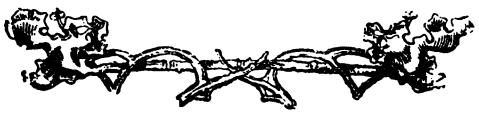


And after holy rites and vows
comes next the wedding feast.

The poor were feasted well, I ween,
on that auspicious day,
And never from his door did go
the poor uncheer'd away.
"Lord Mayor of London," spoke the bells,
—they spoke both well and true:
And still the stone is pointed out
unto the traveller's view
Where Whittington in prayer to God
cast all his fears aside,
And rose and braced him for the strife,
whatever might betide.



Whittington and his Cat.



In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there lived in a village, a great distance from London, a little boy called Dick Whittington. He was born in the year 1360; but his father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing of them, and he was left a poor ragged boy, running about from village to village.

Dick, however, was a sharp boy, and was always asking questions, or listening when he heard persons conversing. Once a week you might see young Whittington leaning against the sign-post of the village tavern, where people stopped as they came from the market; and whenever the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news he told his customers. In this manner Dick heard of the great city of London; and from what he heard, he imagined that all who lived there were great and rich people, and that the very streets were paved with gold.

One day, a waggon, with eight horses, and bells at their heads, drove through the village, while Dick was leaning against the sign-post. The thought immediately

struck him that it must be going to London; so he took courage, and asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. The man finding that the poor boy had no parents, and seeing by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, told him he might go with him if he pleased: so they set off together.

How Dick got on, on his long journey, history does not tell us; but he got safe to London; and so eager was he to see the fine streets and the gold, that, thanking his friend the waggoner, he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, through several streets, expecting every moment to come to those that were paved with gold; for Dick had sometimes seen a gold piece in his own village, and observed what a great deal it brought in exchange; so he fancied he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement, to have as many fine things as he could desire.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired; at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned, he found nothing but stones and dirt, instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself to sleep.

Dick remained all night in the streets; and next morning finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to bestow something upon him to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, so that the poor boy was almost dead with hunger.

At length, a good-natured-looking gentleman observed his hungry looks. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Whittington.

"That I would," replied the boy, "but I do not know where to get any."

"If you are willing," said the gentleman, "come along with me;" and so saying, he took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily, till the hay was all made.

He now found himself again in the same condition; and being almost starved, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so seeing poor Dick, she called out: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? If you do not get away, we will see how you will like a sousing with some dish-water I have here, which is hot enough to make you jump."

Just at this moment, Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner, and seeing a poor ragged boy lying at his door, said to him: "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work; I fear you are an idle boy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Whittington, "that is not true, for I would work with all my heart; but I know nobody, and I am very sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "prythee get up, and let us see what ails thee."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had not eaten anything for a long time, and was no longer able to run about and beg of people in the streets; so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into the house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what kitchen or scullery work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in his place, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who found fault with him, and scolded him from morning till night; and was, as the old story says, withal so fond of basting, that, when she had no roast to baste, she would be basting poor Dick's head and shoulders.

But though the cook was ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was just the contrary; he had lived in the family many years, and once had a little son of his own, who died when he was about the age of Dick; so he could not help having a liking for the boy. This footman, too, was a very good reader; and he used often to entertain his fellow-servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure Whittington took in hearing him, made him wish very much to learn to read too; and with a little of this good man's help, and the use of his book, Dick soon learned.

About this time, his master's daughter was going out one morning to pay a visit to a neighbour; and the footman being unwell, little Dick was ordered to put on

his new clothes (for his master had just given him a suit as a reward for his good behaviour), and to walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms, and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money; and, as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily, Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and, like an honest boy, immediately gave the purse to his mistress.

Another time, as Miss Alice was sitting at an open window, amusing herself with her parrot, it suddenly flew away, and lighted upon a branch of a high tree, where all the servants were afraid to venture after it. As soon as Dick heard of this, he pulled off his jacket, and climbed up the tree as nimbly as a squirrel; and, after a great deal of trouble,—for Poll hopped about from branch to branch,—he caught her, and brought her down in safety to his mistress. Miss Alice was much pleased, and praised him for his cleverness.

Besides the ill-treatment of the cook, Whittington had another hardship to endure. His bed was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls, that he was awakened in his sleep every night by great numbers of rats and mice, which often ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling about him.

One day, a gentleman, who paid a visit to Mr. Fitz-

warren, happened to have dirtied his boots, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them look well, and the gentleman gave him a silver penny. With this he determined to buy a cat; and the next day, seeing a little girl with one under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny; to which the girl agreed, adding, that her mother had more at home than she could keep.

Whittington took the cat to his garret, and always carried her a part of his own dinner; and thus, in a short time, he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as soundly as he could wish.

Soon after this, Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail, richly laden; and thinking it right that his servants should have some chance of good fortune as well as himself, he called them into the hall, and asked them what they chose to send.

They all had something to venture but poor Whittington, who, having neither money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come in with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. The merchant then asked him what he wished to send. Upon which poor Dick answered, that he had nothing but a cat, which he bought with a penny that had been given him.

"Fetch the cat, then, boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Whittington went up-stairs and brought down poor

puss, and gave her to the captain, with tears in his eyes; for he thought he should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice, as he had so often been before he had her.

All the company laughed at Whittington's strange venture; but Miss Alice, who felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him a penny to buy another cat with; and she lent him her Psalter to read, whenever he had leisure, which was now more frequently the case; for Miss Alice had obtained her father's permission to have Dick to attend upon her as her own page or servant.

This, and several other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favours poor Dick received, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea, asking him, if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him with.

At last Whittington, unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to leave the house; he accordingly packed up his few things, and set out very early in the morning of All-hallows day, which is the 1st of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to consider what road he should take.

While he was thus thinking what he should do, Bow-bells, of which there were then six, began to ring; and he fancied that their sounds addressed him in these words:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord-Mayor of London."

This idea made such an impression upon his mind, that he exclaimed, "Lord-mayor of London! why, to be sure I would bear anything to be Lord-mayor of London! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord-mayor of London in the end." So Dick went back; and was fortunate enough to get into the house and set about his work before the cook came down stairs.

The ship with Whittington's cat on board was long at sea, and was at last driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, who were then almost unknown to the English.

The people of this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board ship,—who were all of so different a colour from themselves,—and treated them with great civility; and as they became better acquainted, they showed great desire to purchase the fine silks, and other things, with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of all his choicest articles to the king of the country; who was so pleased with them, that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were seated, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets; and the king and queen sitting at the upper end of the room. Dinner was brought in, which consisted of a great many of the

rarest dishes; but before they had been set on the table a minute, an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering the meat and gravy all about the room. The captain wondered very much at this, and asked the king's servants if these vermin were not very troublesome.

"Oh, yes," they said, "and the king would give half his treasures to be rid of them: for they not only often destroy his dinner, as you see, but they even disturb him in his sleep; and he is obliged to be guarded, for fear of them."

The captain, who was overjoyed when he remembered poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had entrusted to his care, told them he had a creature on board the ship that would destroy them all.

The king was still more overjoyed than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," said he; "and if she can really do as you say, I will load your ship with pieces of gold in exchange for her."

The captain, to make quite sure of his good luck, observed that she was a cat of such uncommon skill in catching rats and mice, that he could hardly bear to part with her; but added, that, to oblige his majesty, he would fetch her.

"Run," said the queen, "for I am impatient to see the creature that will do us so great a service."

The captain proceeded to the ship, while another dinner was getting ready; and taking the cat under his arm, he

returned to the palace, where he saw the table covered with rats and mice, as before.

The cat, at the sight of them, did not wait for a bidding; but, springing from the captain's arm, in a few moments laid a great part of the rats and mice dead at her feet: while the rest, with the greatest haste possible, scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were delighted to get rid of their enemies so easily, and desired that the creature who had done them such a service might be brought for them to look at.

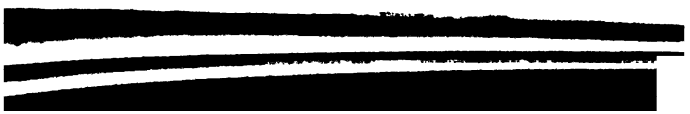
Accordingly, the captain called out "Puss, puss," and the cat went up to him and jumped on his knee; he then presented her to the queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who was able to kill so many rats and mice; but when she saw how gentle she looked, and how pleased she was to be stroked, she ventured to touch her too.

The king having seen and considered the wonderful exploits of the cat, bargained with the captain for the greater part of his cargo, and afterwards gave as many wedges of gold as the ship could carry for the cat, as he at first promised; with which, after taking leave of their majesties and their court, the captain set sail with a fair wind for England, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, when somebody knocked at the door.



WITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.



"Who is there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," was the answer; and on opening the door, who should it be but the captain and first mate of the ship, which had just arrived from the coast of Barbary, followed by several men, bringing with them a prodigious quantity of solid lumps of gold, which had been paid by the king of Barbary in exchange for the cargo.

They then related the adventures of the cat, and produced the rich present the king had sent to Whittington in exchange for her; upon which the merchant called out to fetch Dick immediately, that he might tell him of his good fortune. Some of his clerks said, so great a treasure was too much for such a boy as Whittington; but he replied, "God forbid that I should keep back the value of a single penny! It is all his own, and he shall have every farthing's worth of it for himself."

He then sent for Whittington, who at that time happened to be cleaning the harness of his young mistress's palfrey, and very dirty, so that he wished to excuse himself.

Mr. Fitzwarren, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be set for him; so that poor Dick, thinking they were making sport of him, as they too often did in the kitchen, began to beg his master to let him go down to work again.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest; and most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you, for the captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and

brought you great riches in return; and may you long enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the treasures they had brought, and added, that Mr. Whittington had now nothing to do but to put them in some place of safety.

Poor Dick scarcely knew how to behave himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole.

"No, no; this wealth is all your own, and justly so," answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "and I have no doubt you will use it well."

Whittington next entreated Miss Alice to accept a part of his good fortune; but this she refused, at the same time assuring him of the joy she felt at his good success. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep all himself, and accordingly made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his good friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting the old ill-tempered cook.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for the proper tradesmen, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's hair was curled, his hat feathered, and he was dressed in a suit of gentleman's clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who

visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had formerly looked upon him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her companion, and soon afterwards her suitor, and the more so, no doubt, because Mr. Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

He sent a sum of money to the poor people in the village where he was born; and he caused the good-natured waggoner who brought him to town to be inquired for, and made him a handsome present. After showing his gratitude to every one from whom he had received the least kindness, he entered into partnership with his worthy master, and pursued the business of a merchant with the utmost attention and success.

At the end of three years Mr. Fitzwarren, perceiving the affection of Mr. Whittington and his daughter for each other, consented to unite them in marriage; and accordingly a day for the wedding was soon fixed, and they were attended to church by the lord-mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London. There was a grand entertainment afterwards, at which the poor were feasted as well as the rich.

History tells us that Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was sheriff of London, and three times afterwards lord-mayor; that in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on

his return from the battle of Agincourt; upon which occasion, the king, in consideration of Whittington's gallantry, knighted him by the style and title of Sir Richard Whittington.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly fed great numbers of the poor: he built a church, and added a college to it, with lodgings, and a yearly allowance to thirteen poor scholars. He also erected a great part of St. Bartholomew's hospital in Smithfield.

History has not told us what became of the property left by him for the support of the church and the thirteen poor scholars; but it is believed it was seized by King Henry VIII. at the time of the Reformation, as that king seized upon many of the lands which were left for religious purposes; but those which Whittington left for building and endowing almshouses met with a better fate. These have lately been rebuilt, from the rents of the lands left by Whittington, nearly opposite to the stone called Whittington's Stone, at Holloway, near Highgate, in Middlesex; and are well known as Whittington's Almshouses.

Here ends the history of Whittington and his Cat, from which we may see how honesty, kindness, and industry meet with success, and that charity and piety are the best ornaments of the rich and great.

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